

THE Saturday Journal

A POPULAR PAPER WEEKLY FOR PLEASURE & PROFIT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by BEADLE AND COMPANY, in the Clerk's office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Vol. I. No. 8.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
93 William Street.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1870.

Terms, \$2 50 Per Annum, in Advance,
\$1 25 for Six Months.

Price 5 Cents.

A Border Heroine.

BY LIEUT. SIDNEY WAYNE.

A LOG-CABIN stood by the wayside, in the midst of rude forest scenery. In front rose a dark wood, filled with tangled underbrush, with here and there a narrow pathway, trodden down by the feet of beasts. The cabin itself was the rudest of its kind, the logs roughly hewn and chinked with mud. A few rude implements of agriculture, a broken plow, a rusty hoe or two, and a battered wagon, were standing in the vacant place between the cabin and the rude structure which served as a barn. A rough-looking man was seated upon a log in front of the house, mending a saddle-girth, which had evidently seen service—a bear-eyed, ungainly specimen of humanity, and one that you or I would hardly care to meet in a desolate place, if he knew that he would gain by our death. As he stretched away at the leather he kept up an incessant growl, like a tiger over his feast of human flesh.

"Here, Bessie!" he cried, with an oath. "You, Bess, I say. Curse the lazy—Oh, here you are. What do you wait for, then?"

"I came as soon as I could, uncle," said a sweet voice. "I was cooking supper."

She stood in the low doorway looking out at him, and he stared at her with a malevolent eye: a girl whose worn clothing—which constant care could not keep from being shabby—could not hide her loveliness. A golden-haired beauty, with a delicate mouth, the lips trembling with the fear which she evidently felt at the rough man before the door.

"Get supper, then. That's what I want of you. You've been long enough about it, that I know. If it isn't on the table in five minutes I'll know the reason why. Don't make that pitiful face at me, girl. I ain't going to stand it. Hurry up, for I hear the boys coming. And then you get out of the house, will you. I won't have you sneaking round the house when I want to talk to the boys. And don't you come back till you hear the horn, neither. That's all I've got to say to you."

At this moment two men, who might have been twin brothers to the rough brute at the door, as far as nature, ugliness and dirty clothing were concerned, rode up at a brisk pace upon remarkably fine horses for men in their station in life. Greeting the other with a friendly growl or two, the men dismounted, took off their saddles and threw them on the ground, and turned the horses into a lot inclosed by a rail fence. The girl called Bessie put the finishing touches to the supper-table, and then went out of the house.

"Hullo, Bess," said one of the new-comers—a young man, upon whose face insolence and brutality were strongly stamped. "Where are you goin' so fast? Stop, I want to talk to you."

"Oh, let the gal alone, Matt Floyd," said the man who was mending the saddle. "What do you want to fool with her for? She's going out of the house because I told her to go, that's the reason."

"Maybe you think she's too good for me to talk to, Bill Early," said the young man, angrily.

"I did not say whether she was or not," replied Early, sullenly. "But this I do know, that, if we are going to talk business to-night, you'd better go in and get your supper."

The young ruffian, growling at what he styled the "uppishness" of his companion, with a string of adjectives not to be set down here, allowed Bessie to pass, and entered the house.

The girl hurried down one of the paths that led into the forest, and stopped beside a little spring which bubbled up in the midst of a cleared space in the woods, where she sat down upon a log, evidently in deep trouble. All at once a clear call sounded from the depths of the woods, and the next moment a manly young fellow, in a hunting garb, carrying a rifle in his hand, broke out of the woods close by and joined her. She started up eagerly and gave him her hand, but that did not satisfy him, for he drew her close to him and kissed her tenderly.

"Who told you to do that?" she said, with a poor attempt at showing anger. "I did not, I am sure."

"Nonsense, Bessie! When you know that we are to be married soon."

"I am afraid my uncle does not like it, Will," she said. "He calls you a pitiful milksop, and talks of Matt Floyd as a proper young man."

"Matt Floyd! A ruffian and horse-thief. At

The sound of a horn, blown loud and long, came to their ears through the deep woods.

"That is for me," said Bessie. "I must go, for when I linger a moment he is dreadfully angry."

"I have half a notion to keep you away from him altogether," said the young man, musingly. "But, upon the whole, I think I had better let you go, or they will suspect something. Good-by, my darling. Your trials end this night!"

He kissed her tenderly and let her go, and she hurried back over the tangled path. She found her uncle and the others already in the saddle, though it was getting dark, and he called to her with a bitter oath to make haste. "You'd try a saint, with your laziness, you, Bess," he roared. "Git into the house, and mind you, no prying."

"Good-by, my dear girl," said Matt Floyd, kissing his hand to her, in a coarse burlesque upon gallantry. "Don't weep for me."

Bessie passed him without a word and heard

"Ah!" said the man; "can you shoot?" "I can hit a penny at five paces," she replied, in a careless tone. "Hark! I believe they are coming. Don't say anything to them about the saddle-bags containing valuables, sir."

"You don't think they'd bushwhack a man for a few thousand dollars, do you?" he demanded.

"I don't know. Don't ask me, sir. All I say to you is, don't let them know that you have that sum of money, or I will not answer for the consequences."

As she spoke she heard the three men come into the yard and turn their horses into the pasture. They entered the house, evidently much the worse for liquor, but not so much so that Bill Early did not notice at once that he had a visitor.

"Who are you?" he said, sullenly. "I'll tell you if you come this way," said he, drawing Early aside. "Horses?" he added, in a whisper.

"Horses," said Early, in the same tone. "I ain't got but one horse and I don't want to sell him."

"Yes, you do. You'll sell him, and the other boys will sell theirs. I know where they got them, but I'll take the risk. I'll give you two hundred dollars for the three."

"Cash?" said Early, shortly.

"On the nail," replied the man.

"You wait," he said. "Are these your saddle-bags in the corner? Hadn't I better hang 'em up in the shed?"

"You let them be," said the man, eagerly. "I want them saddle-bags in my own care."

Early said no more, but, beckoning to Matt Floyd and Jack Styles, the three went out together. Bessie saw at a glance that the stranger had destroyed himself by showing that the saddle-bags were valuable, and that he knew how the horses had been obtained.

It was to her a moment of the keenest pain. She placed her ear to the door, if possible to overhear what might be said.

"We've got to bore him!" she heard one of the ruffians say.

"Oh, sir! can't you fly? These men mean murder—murder!" she cried, in terror.

The stranger sprang to his feet.

"Am I then in danger?" he asked.

"Danger! You are a dead man if you do not fly. Leap from the back-window, while I hold the door!" Her voice was low, but terribly distinct.

"Nay, brave girl! I came not here to fly from the back-window in fear. I'll face these men!"

"Alas, you are doomed!" she cried, as the noise of approaching steps told her that even escape was too late.

The three ruffians entered again, exchanging sinister looks.

"Couldn't you give a little more, stranger?" said Bill. "That horse Matt Floyd rides is a good one and worth the money."

"No, he isn't, and the other two ain't much use. But I'll give two hundred and ten."

"Bess," said Early, "go to bed."

"I will not," said Bessie. "Uncle, think what you are doing! Do you think I will see you carry out your base designs? No, I would sooner raise the vigilance committee and help them to hunt you down."

"Drag the gal away, Matt Floyd," shouted Early. "She knows all, and it's just as well. Down with this man, Jack Styles."

They drew their knives and dashed on, but recoiled in terror and surprise as Bessie faced them with the revolver presented. "My heart is firm and my eye true," she cried. "You shall not murder an innocent man unless you kill me first."

"Git that rifle, Matt Floyd," said Early. "If she don't git out of the way, shoot her down."

Matt turned to take the rifle from its hooks



"OH, SIR, CAN'T YOU FLY?"

least I believe he is one, although I can not prove it. If I do, there is nothing can save him from the swinging bough. The men of this region are angry and they swear that they will lynch any man they catch, as an example to the rest."

"That would be too horrible, Will."

"That's as people may think," said Will, in rather a sullen tone. "Let me tell you, my dear girl, that I for one don't believe in 'lynch law,' for the reason that it sometimes goes faster than we like to have it. Start that ball rolling, and then get out of its way, that's all. But, I heard Captain Desborough, the man who leads the vigilance committee, say that he'd put down horse-stealing, if he hung every suspicious man in Kansas. And he'll do it, too."

"Matt Floyd rode a horse to-day I never saw him have before," said Bessie. "Indeed, he seems to have a great many horses, first and last."

"Could you describe that horse, Bessie?" said young Will Fielding.

"I think I can. He is a very large roan, with a diamond-shaped mark upon his forehead—a beautiful creature, as far as I can judge."

"Is it possible! The rascals are getting bolder every day. Let me alone to deal with these fellows now, Bessie. It is better that you should be rid of them forever. Why did you come out here?"

"Uncle drove me out. He always does so when any of his cronies come, so that they can 'talk business,' as he calls it. My uncle is a bad man, but he has given me a refuge, such as it is, since my poor father was killed by the Indians. How little were they alike!"

"Little, indeed. Hark!"

them clatter down the road, whooping like demons. At the end of an hour a horseman rode up to the door and rattled upon it with his riding-whip.

"Hi! Who keeps house here?"

Bessie opened the door and saw a large man with heavy mustache and whiskers, sitting upon his horse in front of the door.

"What do you want, sir?" she said, looking him over with a quick glance.

"A man named Bill Early. I think he lives here."

"He does; but he is away now."

"Will he be long gone, think?"

"I can not say. He went away an hour ago, and, I think, will be gone as much longer."

"Humph! I think I'll wait for him, anyhow. I wouldn't, only there ain't another house in three mile or more. I must see him to-night, somehow, because I've got a little business with him that must be settled to-night."

He dismounted, took down the pasture-bars, and led the horse in, taking off his bridle. He came into the house, carrying his saddle-bags in his hand, which he laid upon the floor in the corner.

"Be a little careful of that, miss," he said, "because it's worth something. You haven't got any niggers about that would steal, have you?"

"There is no one about the place but myself," she said.

"I should think you might be afraid to say that," he said, with a strange smile, looking fixedly at her.

"But I am not," she answered, and putting her hand into her dress-pocket, she drew out a beautiful little revolver, capped and loaded.

when the clear voice of Bessie was heard again.

"Touch that rifle and I fire!" He laughed scornfully and snatched the rifle down. Crack went the little revolver and the young ruffian sunk to the floor, shot through the shoulder.

"I gave him warning," cried Bessie. "Who comes next?"

"We will put an end to this," cried the horse-dealer, uttering a shrill whistle. As he did so the sound of many feet were heard, the door was broken down, and a dozen masked men poured into the room. Early and Styles, after fighting like demons, were secured, and the horse-dealer pulled off the heavy whiskers and mustache and revealed the face of Will Fielding.

"You are taken red-handed," he cried. "The horses you stole last night are now in your pasture, and can be identified by the men from whom you stole them, who are here. Desborough, they are in your hands. I will have nothing further to do with the case."

Those were stern times in Kansas. Law they had none, save the law of the vigilance men. They dragged out the three ruffians, blaspheming heaven and earth, and mounting their horses rode away with them. What was done that night no man can tell, save those who took a part, but, living, no man ever saw the faces of that villainous trio again. Will Fielding remained, and he caught the half-fainting girl in his arms, crying:

"You are mine, now, my heroine, my own! Nothing can part us."

They were married in a week, and the name of Fielding is loved and honored in the brave young State he helped to build, to-day.

Duke White:

OR,

THE GREEN RANGER OF THE SCIOTO.

BY CHARLES E. LA SALLE,

AUTHOR OF "BURT BUNKER, THE TRAPPER."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WYANDOTS! THE WYANDOTS!

THERE was one of that trio who had seen the night settle down upon forest and clearing with the sores misgivings.

This was the widow Rushton, who, as the shadows gathered over nature, felt them gathering upon her soul. She kept her apprehensions to herself, but they were very keen, and caused her the sorest distress.

She saw, as she had never seen before, her temerity in remaining in such an exposed situation, and she regretted keenly indeed that she had not departed to the block-house, with the two neighbors that had left but such a short time before.

There was a presentiment upon her of impending calamity, and she was almost certain that an awful misfortune would come upon them before the morning sun.

Good and devout as she was, she endeavored to shake it off, and she poured her heart out in prayer to Him who only could help, but He, in His providence, did not remove the burden.

She was glad when the Yankee appeared, and she welcomed him more warmly than she ever had before. The companionship of any one not an open enemy, is never so dear, as when threatened by a common danger, and she welcomed her visitor, almost like a party of rescue specially sent to her.

She said nothing of her distressing fears to either Elijah or Lizzie, but she quietly made every preparation against her enemies. She went to both doors again and again, and made sure that they were fastened in the most secure manner; then she examined the windows with the same solicitude.

The house, having been built with a full knowledge of the perils that ever hung over the frontier, was made in a very substantial manner, and with the expectation that very likely it would be called upon to bear more than one assault from the Indians.

There was but one gun in the house—that was the rifle left by old Captain Rushton when he died. It was a true and trusty weapon, and a few such guns would have made a powerful defense against any force of Indians.

Lamb, who owned, and generally carried, a gun, had brought none with him. So absorbed was he in bringing his love-matters to an issue, that the thought of personal danger scarcely once entered his head.

"If the Indians do attack us," reflected the widow, as she sat by herself, reflecting upon the matter, "we can surely keep them at bay until they hear us at the block-house, and we can receive assistance. It will take but a short time surely."

The argument seemed valid. The block-house was so near at hand, that the garrison could not fail to hear the report of a gun, or a simple cry for help; and, since the return of a portion of Captain Chapman's men, could be spared for their assistance.

A half-hour, she reasoned, was amply sufficient to bring the needed succor; and with no weapons at all, she was confident the red-skins could be kept at bay for that length of time.

This was her self-reasoning, and valid enough it seemed; but it brought not a particle of relief. On the contrary, her gloom deepened, as the silent night grew upon her.

She had carefully drawn the charge from her gun, and reloaded and primed it, to make sure that it was in the best condition, and then she seated herself and waited and listened.

She could hear the laugh and chat of Lizzie, with the visitor, and it sounded to her like so much merriment in the presence of death. It was really painful at times, and more than once she was upon the point of checking the levity.

Her look-out was the second story, from every side of which she was given a view of the surrounding clearing and the dark woods beyond;

and five minutes did not pass over her head without her pale, anxious face appearing at each of the windows, and looking out in the gloom, so faintly illumined by the starlight overhead.

The night was considerably advanced, and there was no telling how many times the sentinel had made her trembling rounds, when she paused longer at the window which overlooked the clearing in the rear of her house.

What did she see? She was gazing into the gloom, in her earnest, penetrating manner, when she distinctly saw a figure walking toward the house!

It was moving slowly but steadily, and the moment it loomed out to view amid the gloom, she knew it was an Indian!

Scarcely had this knowledge flashed upon her, when she saw another and another, and still another, until five forms were plainly outlined before her appalled gaze.

"They have come!" she fairly gasped, and then, before alarming her friends, she ran to each of the windows in turn. Her discovery was indeed one of the most alarming kind.

For the house was surrounded by hostile Indians. At the very least there were a dozen, stealing back and forth in their cat-like manner, as if seeking to learn whether there were any on the look-out or not.

This was the "tide" in matters, which, if the defenders had taken at its "turn," would have insured their safety. Had Mrs. Rushton gone below and silently brought her rifle upstairs, pointed it out of the window, and killed one of the red-skins (as she could have done with perfect ease), the situation of herself and friends would have been made secure. The Indians would have been startled into the belief that the place was well defended, and would have held off until the block-house could have sent a party that would have driven them away, and brought in the beleaguered whites.

But no such happy thought entered the brain of Mrs. Rushton. The moment she fully appreciated the danger hanging over all, she dashed into the room where sat her friends, with the exclamation that closes the preceding chapter.

Her words and manner would have startled a brave man, and Elijah Lamb was literally astounded. Catching up his hat, he started to flee, and actually would have opened the door and rushed out, in his bewilderment, had not the trembling but brave Lizzie caught his arm.

"What do you mean, Elijah? Are you going to desert us?"

"It's time I was to-hum," he replied, still moving toward the door.

"If you open the door," said Mrs. Rushton, "you will be shot dead on the instant!" "Then I don't think I will open it," concluded the Yankee, stepping back and partially recovering his senses.

"Here is a gun," said Mrs. Rushton, as she caught up the weapon and handed it to him; "go up stairs, and shoot one of the Indians from the window."

"What good will that do?" demanded Elijah; "there's more than one Indian, ain't there? Jewhilkins! It'll only make the rest of 'em madder than ever. You'd better take my advice, and not make the infernal red-skins any madder."

"But fire it off; they will hear you at the block-house, and come to our assistance. Be quick, or it will be too late."

"Yes—yes," stammered Lije, hardly knowing what he was saying or doing, "I will fire it off; but s'pose I hit somebody at the fort—that'll be thunderin' bad!"

By the time he reached the second story, he was able to consider his situation, and then it was that his innate selfishness and cowardice displayed itself.

"Jewhilkins! what wouldn't I give to be well out of this blamed muss?" he muttered. "I ain't a-goin' to fire any gun, for it will only make the Indians furious mad, and, if they git hold of me, they'll make the fur fly."

He concluded to take a few observations, to gain, if possible, an idea of the danger that threatened them all. So he stole carefully to each window in turn, and looked out.

The result was such as to raise considerable hope. He distinguished nearly a dozen phantom-like forms that had gathered at the front of the house, but he saw not one at the rear.

This looked as if the Indians had become satisfied that the inmates of the house were unsuspecting of danger, and there was no necessity, therefore, for surrounding the building. Consequently, if Lamb could make his way out of the rear window undiscovered, there was a good chance for his getting away altogether.

"Jewhilkins! if they're only around at the front, and will only stay there," he reflected, "I'm all right! When a feller gits into a scrape like this, it's his business to git out again the best way he can, and every one must look out for himself!"

It was rather a daring proceeding to venture out the window, but the brave Yankee's life was at stake.

"I guess I won't take the 'tarnal gun along," he mused, as he began his preparations, "cause I won't have a chance to fire it off, and it'll only bother me."

That was his only reason for leaving it.

Never once did he think of remaining to defend those helpless ones who were left behind, so long as there was a prospect of his getting away.

Every thing looked propitious, and he began carefully letting himself out of the second story window. This not being very far from the ground, and his own length being quite considerable, it was an easy matter for him to do it, without difficulty.

Hanging by the hands a moment, he let go and dropped to the ground. He struck lightly, and pausing a moment, looked carefully around.

There were no signs of the Indians visible, and the Yankee started, on a light but rapid run, in the direction of the block-house.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE GREEN RANGER RANGING.

WITH each advancing rod, the hopes of Elijah Lamb rose. He ran at the very top of his speed,

not once looking behind, but listening intently for sounds of pursuit.

When he had gone a hundred yards, he looked back. The little house of widow Rushton could just be discerned, like a pile of dense darkness in the general gloom. All was silent as the tomb, and there was no sign of the evil scenes that were so soon to take place there.

By this time, Lamb was exhausted, and settled down to a walk, muttering, as usual, to himself. He was overjoyed at the success of his plan for getting away from the Indians.

"I'll be skinned, if I ain't always the luckiest chap around! Who'd a-thunk, ten minutes ago, that my life was safe?—and here I am!"

No thought of the ineffable meanness of which he had been guilty entered his mind; but, assured of his own safety, his reverie naturally reverted to the fair girl he had left behind in such dreadful danger.

"She was blamed sassy, to-night," he continued, "and she's got a way of snickering right in a feller's face that always touches me; but I don't care; she loves me for all that, and if George Chapman wasn't such an all-fired fool, he'd just keep shady and not show his face, so long as I'm about."

As he was now approaching the block-house, it occurred to him that it was time he got up some story to tell them, for he knew that it would never do for them to learn the truth. The consequences might be serious to himself, at least.

"Let's see," he said, as he slowed his gait, "how must I fix that? I'll tell 'em the Indians bu'sted in the door, and made a rush for me; that I grabbed Lizzie under one arm and her mother under the other, and made a dive for the door; finding it crowded with the yelling red-skins, I clubbed my rifle, knocked 'em right and left, jumped over their prostrate bodies, and walked away; that'll do!"

He walked more rapidly for a few paces, when it suddenly occurred to him that there was a slight inconsistency in the narrative, as he proposed to tell it.

"Let me see," he mused, "I started out with the women under my arms, and then swung my rifle 'round my head, and whacked 'em stiff. I couldn't do that very well, with them critters under my arms, and then s'pose I say I sot 'em down, they'll ask me what I did with 'em. Jewhilkins! that won't do."

No; it was manifest that he must get up a better romance in order to deceive his friends.

"If I only had Lizzie and the old woman with me, it would look better," he mused. "Blamnation! why ain't they smart enough to git away as well as me?"

Yes, why were they not clever enough to do such a thing? Had the opportunity been given to either, whereby they might have gained their own safety at the expense of his, neither mother nor daughter would have done it.

"It's kinder good that I ain't got the gun with me, for that will look as though I have had a regular tussle. I hope if they do get out of the house, the women will not contradict any story I tell. It's hard enough to get up a thing like that that will take, without having somebody come along and spoil it."

So, walking slowly again, he began racking his brains for some new invention by which to put his conduct in a praiseworthy light.

"How will it do for me to say that while I was firing from one door, the Indians bu'sted in the other; I made a rush to defend the helpless, but the dogs got atween me and them, and I run up stairs, so as to—so as to—well, to look on; no; Jewhilkins! it won't do to say I looked on! What must it be?"

He was stumped, and worked harder than ever.

"Here goes ag'in! I run up stairs, first pitching the women up, so as to have 'em out the way, and then started to foller 'em, and seven Indians grabbed hold of my legs, and hung fast; but I fooled 'em by slipping out of my trowsers—thunderation! That won't do, either; for they'll want to know how I got my trowsers on ag'in, and then there will be a fix."

Lije was so near the settlement that he paused and began to scratch his head.

"Jewhilkins! I've got to think up something!" he exclaimed in desperation. "If I ever come across Lizzie ag'in, I s'pose I'll have to tell her some yarn; but then I ain't likely to see her soon, and that can wait. I've got to git up something now—Hello!"

The latter exclamation was caused by the report of a rifle from the direction of widow Rushton's house.

"Wonder who fired that?" he exclaimed, looking back in the darkness. "They'll hear that at the block-house, and soon be along. It can't be that Lizzie or the old lady fired it."

But he had no time to speculate upon the identity of the one who had fired the gun, for he remembered that he was very likely to meet some of his acquaintances in the next five minutes.

"Zip! I have it!" he exclaimed in exultation. "I'll tell 'em the red-skins grabbed me by the boots, and I slipped out of 'em and got away. I can dress it up when they begin to talk, but I hope they won't ask their questions too fast."

He recalled that, to give his new and crude story the semblance of probability, it would be necessary for him to remove his boots.

"It's rather coldish to-night; but then a feller ought to be willing to suffer a little for his country."

Whereupon he sat down, and very deliberately proceeded to draw off his boots.

"Everybody will believe I'm the bravest of the brave—HELLO!"

Lije had just removed one boot, and was about to take off the other, when somebody slapped him upon the back, and looking around, he saw five men from the block-house, fully armed, and on their way to the relief of widow Rushton.

"What you doing here, Lamb?" demanded one of them.

The fellow was too bewildered to reply for an instant.

"Why—why—I—ain't doing nothin'."

"What are you taking your boots off for?"

"I don't know—nothin'."

"What's the matter?"

"Nothin'."

"Yes, there is; out with it!"

"Why—why," replied the Yankee, growing desperate, "I lost—that is—I lost my gun, and I thought—I thought, maybe, it was in my boot!"

At this, the whole five laughed—none the less heartily, because their education made it silently.

"Not the gun in your boot?"

"No, no; I didn't mean my gun," said Lije, as the cold chills crept over him, "I meant my ramrod."

And they laughed again, till one of the men, who had met Lamb on his way to the widow's, suspected that he had deserted her and her daughter in alarm, although he could form no conjecture as to the cause for his removal of his boots.

"There is trouble at the house; we heard the report of a gun, and believe they have been attacked by Indians!"

"So they have," said Lamb, who felt it his duty to say something correctly.

"Were you there?"

"Yes—that is—"

"What are you doing here, then?"

"I—I—was druv—"

At this point, four of the men, seeing how great the necessity of hurry was, moved on, leaving the single man indignantly cross-questioning the coward and sneak.

"Who drove you here?"

"The Indians."

"How was it?"

"Why—why—Gosh hang it! you ask your questions so blamed fast that I can't answer."

The man understood the cowardly, selfish nature of Lamb, and he was about satisfied that some despicable act of desertion had been committed upon his part.

Holding back his rising fury, the man continued in a low, determined, threatening voice: "How comes it that you are here and they are not? Explain that at once."

"Now, don't git in such an infernal hurry. I never could tell any thing in a hurry, especially when a man was asking questions, and—"

The Yankee rattled on in this manner for some time, his object being to gain opportunity to invent a probable story, but the impatient settler cut him short:

"Where's your gun?"

"I didn't take mine with me?"

"What did you fight with?"

"Mrs. Rushton's. That's the only one we had in the house."

"Did you hurt any one with it?"

"You'd better believe I did; I got three of the Indians in a row, and then sent a bullet through all of 'em; and then taking Lizzie and her mother under one arm, I began swinging the rifle round with my other arm, and breaking more heads, when my foot slipped, and I fell out the window, leaving the women and gun behind. I tried to git in at the Indians again, but they fastened the door and wouldn't let me in—so I started to the block-house for help—"

"Yes, and here it is!"

The dastard was caught by the collar, and his companion gave him a tremendous kick. Again, and again, and again it was repeated, until fully twenty had been administered, when, fully exhausted, the inflictor stopped. By this time, Lije was certain that he was six inches taller than ever before, and was not certain whether he was walking on the earth, or quite a distance above it.

CHAPTER IX.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

IN the mean time, stirring events were going on at the house of widow Rushton.

The mother and daughter were anxiously watching and listening, when their strained ears caught the dull thud, as Lamb's feet struck the ground on the outside.

"What's that?" asked the former, in a terrified whisper.

"He has jumped out the window and is running away," replied Lizzie.

"It can not be," replied her mother, shaking her head, "he is not such a base coward as that."

"He is, I know it," was the confident response; "he would do any thing to save himself."

Still unbelieving, but apprehensive, Mrs. Rushton hurried to the upper story, and peered out of the rear window. She was just in time to catch a "dissolving view" of Lamb hurrying across the clearing. Lizzie was right in suspecting the plot.

The upper room, as a matter of course, was unlighted, but her foot struck something hard, and stooping down, she found that it was the gun the Yankee had left behind in his flight.

"Thank him for that small favor," she ejaculated, as she picked it up; "it is of far more use than he."

The Indians as yet had made no outcry or demonstration against the house, and she was hesitating whether to fire her gun now, as an alarm-signal to the block-house, or to await their attack, when she heard Lizzie's light footsteps at her side.

"Where is Lamb?" she asked, in a cautious undertone.

"Gone."

"I was sure of it; it was he we heard, was it not?"

"Yes; I saw him running away."

"If he can run away, why can not we do the same?"

The mother started; she had not thought of that until this moment. Sure enough, why not?

"It can not be that the Indians have gone," said Mrs. Rushton, after a moment's thought. "Wait here until I look out of the other window, and do you keep a watch here."

This was done. The mother took several minutes' survey of the clearing in front of the house. At first she discovered nothing at all suspicious, but the vision of one Indian moving across the open space told the whole story. There were others near at hand.

She hurried back to her daughter, and relat-

ing what she had seen, asked whether Lizzie had detected any thing suspicious.

"Nothing at all."

"It must be that he found that this side of the building is unguarded, and the Indians do not think we know any thing about their presence. I think there is a chance of our escaping in the same way, but you see it is a dreadful risk."

Whether to attempt to descend from the window or whether to remain where they were was the question to decide, and there were but very few minutes in which to do it.

"It involves great risk to go," said the mother.

"So it does to remain," was the reply of Lizzie.

"Which shall we do?"

"Let us go," said our heroine; "it will be a long time before we can expect any one to come from the block-house, and they will have plenty time to break in and kill us both. Let us go."

This being agreed upon, both took a few moments in which to implore the protection of Heaven, and then they were ready.

To each it seemed that she who went first thereby encountered the most danger, and consequently mother and daughter strove with each other, but the latter prevailed.

"I am younger and more active than you," said she, "and I'll wait for you after I get a short distance down the path."

The mother was reluctant to consent, but she was compelled to do so, and it was agreed that Lizzie should spring to the ground, and take the same direction as did the Yankee, until beyond the immediate neighborhood of the house, when, if she succeeded, her mother would instantly follow.

Mrs. Rushton experienced some misgiving, lest her daughter should injure herself in leaping from such a height, but she descended to the ground as lightly and gracefully as a fawn.

When Lizzie Rushton realized that she was fairly upon the ground, she paused a moment, and her heart beat high with excitement. She and her mother were now separated, and she could not return to her if she wished.

In that trying moment she felt an instinctive shrinking from the task before her, and she regretted that she had ventured upon such a dangerous feat.

But this drawing back was but for a moment. She did not dare risk speaking to her mother, but turning her face toward the block-house, ran as swiftly as she could.

No pen can picture the distressing anxiety of mother and daughter at this moment, and no heart can imagine the utter despair that seized upon the former, when she saw a shadowy form glide to view and move rapidly toward her child.

She had been seen and was pursued!

Mrs. Rushton strove to call out, but it seemed as if she were weighed down by a dreadful nightmare, and her voice refused utterance.

But she was able to use her limbs, and thrusting the muzzle of her gun through the window, she took the best aim possible, and fired.

Providence guided the bullet, which seemed as likely to strike the fugitive as her pursuer, and it was driven through the Indian's skull so fairly, that curiously enough for him, he sunk to the earth, and died without a groan.

"God save my child!" moaned Mrs. Rushton, sinking back helpless upon the floor.

The fearful peril in which Mrs. Rushton was also placed prevented her unconsciousness lasting longer than a few moments. When she recovered, she instantly looked out of the different windows, but saw nothing of the Indians or any one else.

The truth was, the discharge of the rifle had the good result that it would have had at first, had it been fired off, when also it would not have been followed by the same evil consequences.

The report told the Wyandots of their mistake—whenever might be inside the house were aware of who were outside, and however anxious they might be to get away they were still disposed to resist the entrance of any one in the house.

Acquainted as the red-skins seemed to be with the capacity for defense possessed by widow Rushton, they could not be certain whether she was alone, or whether any one was with her; but caution was necessitated upon their part.

At the same time, they were aware of the proximity of the block-house and knew that the firing of the gun would be likely to attract the notice of the garrison.

They were, therefore, forced to do one of three things: withdraw altogether, await until assured of the non-interference of the garrison, or to press things to an issue at once.

They chose a sort of compromise between the last two, and began maneuvering, and using the different devices characteristic of Indian warfare, to draw the fire of the defenders of the house, and thus ascertain their real strength.

As this took place during the few moments that Mrs. Rushton was insensible, it is hardly necessary to record the result.

Failing to draw the fire, the Wyandots were still in doubt; but time was growing so precious that they made a rush against the front-door, and began battering it with such implements as they could command.

Mrs. Rushton heard it all with a shrinking heart, for she was powerless to prevent it. In the darkness she felt herself unable to reload the rifle, and consequently could make no demonstration at all against her enemies. She could only sink upon her knees and pray to God to protect her and the loved daughter, of whose fate she could only conjecture.

The agonized prayer was answered. The Wyandots were battering away at the barricaded door, which was already beginning to tremble before the repeated assaults, when there came the crash of a number of rifles, followed by the bordermen, whose tactics in a fight are not dissimilar to those of the red-skins themselves.

Three of the Wyandots fell dead, and the others scattered, as if a bombshell had burst among them. They knew who made the attack, and understood that if they wished to get away with sound bodies, there was no time to tarry.

Bang, bang, bang, came another series of knocks at the door, followed by;

"Let us in, Mrs. Rushton! we are friends!"

The terrified woman heard the summons and lost no time in obeying it. The door was hastily unfastened, and a minute later her friends gathered around her.

"Where is Lizzie?"

The mother and one of the men asked the question simultaneously, and the latter followed it up with another.

"Is she not here?"

"No; I let her out the window. Have you seen nothing of her?"

"Nothing at all."

"Then the Indians have got her," wailed the stricken mother, and she found her strength giving way again. One of her friends caught her, and leading her gently into the open air, said:

"Come with us to the village, and we will take care of you, and we will look for Lizzie too."

(To be continued.)

The Ebon Mask:

OR,

THE MYSTERIOUS GUARDIAN.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF THE "SCARLET CRESSANT," "INJURED WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

THE STRUGGLE.

Two miles south of the village of Pensacola, and half a mile east of the road that leads to the bay, are two adjacent bodies of water, the former lying immediately south of the latter, with which it forms a communication at high tide.

Between these two bayous or ponds extends a marsh, low and swampy, filled with noxious weeds and poisonous shrubs; one of the many such spots so frequently found in the wilds of Florida. On the west of this almost wholly impassable marsh, there juts forward a narrow neck of land; to the south it runs off into a series of small rocks, sharp and irregular, before which and hiding them is a dense mass of trees—dark, gloomy cypresses—whose dismal shade renders the spot trebly wild and lonely.

Following the narrow, rocky path, bordered on one side by the marsh, and on the other by ledge upon ledge of sharp precipitous crags, for the distance of one hundred yards, a large cavern is found, formed by the overhanging cliffs. The entrance is entirely hidden by a clump of trees, and the gray sides, rough and impassable, resemble a huge rock rising abruptly from the water below. In front the cave-roof is nearly twenty feet from the base; wide and capacious, it would have afforded a comfortable shelter for many persons.

Entering the cavern, and approaching the other extremity, the space gradually narrowed, until, after a distance of thirty or forty feet, the cold, stony sides of the cave almost touched each other. But this was not the end; for, after a narrow passage of some ten or twelve yards between the scarcely-divided rocks, the walls suddenly diverged, and another cavern, about half the size of the first, opened to the view. Upon the floor of this rear-most cave were spread blankets and strips of coarse mats; upon the sharp, projecting spurs of rock, all around the sides, hung various articles—knives, rifles, skins, clothing and dried meats. A large skin-bag, filled with water, stood in one corner of the apartment, and near by, on a rude table, constructed by laying a rough board across two upright sticks, which were insecurely thrust into two chance crevices in the irregular flooring, were the remains of a simple meal, if the few crumbs of bread and potatoes, and the contents of a partly-emptied coffeepot, unenriched by milk and guiltless of sugar, can be called such.

Evidently, then, this apparently inaccessible retreat was inhabited, and by human beings and civilized. Even so; this wild, solitary spot was the home and retreat of the hunter and his friend. Julian St. John and Pepe Pinto abode together there—lived in security, for few knew of the place—so few that it was entirely forgotten.

From the brow of this mighty natural pile of rocks, screened on the one hand by the dense foliage of overhanging trees, on the other by the high vertical projection of the same cavern that afforded them a shelter, Pepe watched the coming of Julian. Nearly two hours had elapsed since the hunter had been gone, and his promise was to return ere nightfall. That hour had come and almost passed, and the dark evening shades were gathering closer and denser.

"I wonder what can detain him? Heaven guard him safely back."

A low crushing through the bushes caught his attentive ear, and he grasped his rifle tightly. Peering cautiously around, he endeavored to discover the cause, but was unable. Suddenly, however, a dark, beautiful face shone through the thicket.

Pinto raised his rifle.

"Who comes? A friend? If not, I fire!"

The figure came slowly into view.

"The white hunter's friend would shoot poor Nina?"

"Never, my good woman; but one must be cautious, you know."

"Yes, one must be very cautious. The white hunter's steps are traced, Nina says; and unless he heeds the warning he will step into a pitfall. Where did the lover go?"

"I know not; he left the cavern some time ago, promising to return before dusk; but he has not, you see."

The mournful eyes searched Pinto's face.

"Will the hunter's friend tell him what Nina says?"

"Of course; and were he only here now to hear it for himself, I'd be glad."

"Do not forget; Nina will come again."

Another hour of apprehensive anxiety, and then came the tardy Julian,

"Why, what could detain—"

Pepe suddenly stopped, staring in amazement at the hunter's face.

"St. Genevieve, what is the matter? Speak, tell me!"

Panting and excited, agitated and exhausted, Julian could only point to the woods below.

"Well, what? The Señorita Helene is safe, is she not? but we are in danger, for crazy Nina was just here and compelled me to promise I would repeat her message—that we were traced, or rather you were. But, Julian, I treated it as an idle alarm, yet your face, your agitation—can it be true?"

"Even so; and at this moment they are on the trail."

"And the only way of escape from this place is down the path by which you came, and that will lead us to them. What do you propose to do?"

"Nothing, but resist to the last," responded Julian, his eye gleaming ominously, and his voice low and thrilling.

"But," queried Pepe, anxious to catch at any straw, "are you sure of it?"

"Of what?"

"That they are on the trail; who told you?"

"My truest friend—one who has never yet failed to give me warning."

"I don't understand."

"The forest wanderer, poor crazed Nina."

"But, how does she learn every thing?"

"Ah, that I know not, indeed; I often wonder. I can not solve the mystery, that, to me, always involves her."

"I suppose she is a sort of harmless lunatic, sufficiently cunning to elude danger, and equally alert in learning news."

"May be so. But, Pepe, let us waste no more time, but prepare for the defense. To attempt to leave would be madness. We have one advantage over our enemies, a knowledge of the grounds, which to them must be entirely strange."

Carefully examining their trusty rifles, and looking to the pistols in their belts, each grasped a knife, and silently awaited the coming of the enemy. A wild shout arrested their attention, and, glancing quickly up, they perceived the faces of half a dozen men, half-way up the narrow path. The foremost one was scarce five yards from the spot occupied by the refugees; and, as his tall figure slowly advanced, they recognized the Indian, Tullona.

A fearful fire burned in his wild eye, the meaning of which Julian too well understood, for he was the friend of the Indian's hated enemy, Minoni, the noble warrior who now filled the fallen chieftain's place. This fact, simple as it was, caused Tullona's vile heart to swell with hatred; and the fact that the death of the noble hunter would grieve Minoni was sufficient reason for Tullona to risk much for his revenge; which reason, added to a natural love for such adventures, and the large reward offered, had secured to his employer, the no less revengeful Zarate, a willing tool for this nefarious enterprise. Behold him, then, the guide and leader of half a dozen soldiers sent by the colonel commandant, ostensibly to arrest and bring back the deserter Pepe Pinto, and Julian St. John, as his aider and abettor, but really to capture, for private, personal reasons, the lover of Helene.

Julian saw that dull gleam in Tullona's eye and he knew its meaning. Compressing his lips still more tightly, he exclaimed:

"Back, or I fire! Not a man passes that spot." The hunter's voice was loud and his face determined.

Still the tall form of the Indian remained in the same position; his faded plumes nodding in the twilight, and the hand grasping a hatchet.

"Back!" again shouted Julian.

A second, and the sharp crack of his rifle resounded and rebounded among the rocks; the helmet of feathers rolled down, and convulsively throwing up his arm, the Indian fell, with a dull, rushing sound, down the descent, striking the stagnant pool with a low, dull thud.

His comrades uttered a cry of terror, and those who had followed him to the top of the path, ran back, hiding behind the ledges.

"Save your bullets, Pepe; there are but two loads apiece, you know, and there are six yet to master."

"Tullona has gone to his long rest, Julian, thanks to your unerring aim. See, there is a head—Ah! he ducked before I could fire."

For a moment no one moved or spoke, besiegers or besieged; then a movement was visible among the soldiers. Cautiously changing their positions they gradually moved nearer together until the entire squad, six in number, were in quite a solid body. Julian and Pepe could not fire, as they dared not approach the ledge, thereby losing command of the defile, through which but half their number could have passed at once.

The hunter was eagerly scanning the hanging cliff of rocks; a sudden thought struck him.

"Heavens, Pepe, if these ragamuffins should discover that they can scale the shelves, we are lost! Don't you see? they are entirely hidden, and unperceived could easily climb to the top and burst in upon us, while the other three can enter by the path!"

Pinto's eyes scanned the cliffs. It was even as Julian said; should they discover their advantage, to surrender would be the only alternative—or death.

"Let us hope for the best; but, Pepe, should I fall, and you escape, go to Helene and tell her all. If you are the victim, what shall I do? any thing you say. But if both—"

A wild yell interrupted him, and ere he was well aware of their intentions, the space in front of them was filled with soldiers!

Half had scaled the projecting rocks, and, skulking behind them, had waited till the remaining three crawled up the path; then, in concert, they jumped, yelling and shouting, upon the prisoners.

"Surrender, surrender!" yelled the sergeant, "and your lives are safe."

"Never, while a shot remains! Fire, Pepe!"

Two of them bit the dust, and both the rifles were raised again, when an expert blow knocked them aside, discharging their contents wide of

the mark. Two strong arms felled Julian to the ground, and he was defenseless—a prisoner in the hands of his foes.

Vainly trying to rush to his comrade's aid, Pinto beat back the soldiers with his knife.

"Escape, escape, if you can," shouted Julian.

Snatching his unloaded rifle with one hand, and brandishing his knife in the other, Pepe leaped for the opening. A brawny arm intercepted him, and a violent grasp on the wrist detained him a second, but only a second. Wrenching his arm free by a mighty effort, he struck at the man with his knife, and plunging through the entrance, ran, shouting and yelling, down the dangerous pass, leaping from ledge to ledge, while the bullets of the enraged soldiers—the two who were not holding Julian down—whistled against the cliffs and rebounded down the rocky chasm.

CHAPTER XI.

AT LAST.

NEARLY two weeks have passed since the night of the attempted, but fortunately unsuccessful abduction of Helene Valencia; a fortnight since the mysterious "Ebon Mask" had caused such a strange disturbance in the commandant's mind; two weeks of planning and plotting, of scheming and devising.

Stratagem upon stratagem had been concocted only to be rejected, and Zarate was at length compelled to renounce as hopeless the possession of the treasure he so coveted.

"But it is only for the present, mind you, De Leon, that I thus desist. After a time, I shall try differently. Meanwhile, I do not intend being lazy."

"What's on the carpet now?" inquired his charmingly indifferent companion.

"Who's on the grass? you'd better say; for I warrant he doesn't set foot upon carpet very often."

"Really, quite a play upon words, my dear Antonio; it would take one more obtuse than I not to at once perceive your meaning."

"A truce to joking, De Leon; I have good news to tell you; tidings that will surprise and delight you."

"What? Do be quick, for I am all impatience."

"De Leon, we've tracked our noble lover to his haunt, and even now a squad of men are on the trail."

"You don't say it! Surely, that is splendid news. But how, and why, and when, and where?"

"How, why, when and where?" repeated Zarate, bewildered.

His companion laughed long and heartily.

"I don't wonder at your astoundment, really, for my question was ambiguous, not to say confounding. But, let me speak more plainly, and ask one question at a time. First, then, you say you learned his retreat—how was that accomplished?"

"Through the agency of Ricovi and Tullona, who, since their previous failure, have been unremitting in their efforts—thanks to their former mortification and my strong whisky."

"Good; now when shall you capture him? But, I forgot; probably he is in durance this moment. You say you sent a party out—when?"

"This noon; the cave where he hides is full two miles from here, and the men required time for a reconnaissance, you know. They were under command of Tullona."

"I should judge it was time they were back; would not you?"

"Half-past eight; well, yes; but I shall not expect them till nine."

The two officers leaned lazily back, puffing their cigars.

"This will be quite a feather in your cap, Antonio—arresting the deserter and an accomplice, too."

De Leon's black eyes twinkled sarcastically.

"I understand; though, between you and I, I must confess the deserter's escape would affect me but little. But it's a cover—a good cover, you know, this vigilant searching after one of my soldiers; it looks just about right, too; and the people all agree with me in regarding the hunter as criminal in aiding a soldier to escape from his majesty's service, as said soldier is culpable in deserting from the army."

Again a short pause, disturbed only by the puffing of the fragrant cigars.

"Zarate, do you recollect the last time we sat here together, waiting the return of Tullona and Ricovi with the lovely Helene?"

"Remember, eh? I guess my memory is capable of recalling so recent an event. Perdition, but that was a confounded failure."

"Just so, and I couldn't help wondering whether this expedition would prove as futile."

"Never, by my mother, or I'll shoot every man I sent!"

"Nonsense, colonel; of course it wouldn't be their fault, for I'll warrant if he is there, they will bring him. I only thought, what if he isn't there?"

"I don't apprehend a failure at all; and, to tell the truth, I am too desirous of securing him to allow myself to think of such a result. If I can't have the lady, I am determined to punish her by securing the lover."

"Can't have the lady, Antonio?"

"Well—that is—I hardly think I shall venture soon again; in fact, I rather guess I won't. Some few events have transpired rendering it a little inadvisable."

"So? Inform me, do."

Zarate hesitated a moment.

"Really, De Leon, I meant nothing; of course I can have the girl by resorting to unfair means; but, for the present, I prefer tormenting her a little by keeping the fool of a boy—that Julian—in one of our strongholds down there in the guard-house."

"Hark!" said De Leon, assuming a listening attitude.

A noise, as of the tread of many feet, was distinctly heard outside.

"It is they! and—Yes, by St. Genevieve, man, they have got him!"

(To be Continued.)

THE Saturday WEEKLY Journal

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1870.

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL can be had of any New Dealer in the United States and Canada. Persons remote from a New Dealer, or those wishing to subscribe, and receive their papers direct from our office by mail, will be supplied at the following rates, invariably in advance: one copy, six months, \$1.25; one copy, one year, \$2.50; five copies, one year, \$11.25; ten copies, one year, \$20.

The Publishers suggest that, when a new dealer is convenient, readers will obtain this paper with perfect regularity by leaving their names with such dealer.

To CONTRIBUTORS.—All contributions remitted must be fully prepaid, and also stamps enclosed for the MS. return, if it is not available. We can not assume any responsibility in the preservation of MSS. not used; therefore, authors should inclose stamps as indicated, which will secure the early re-mailing of the matter. All manuscripts will receive early and careful consideration.—Authors will please be careful to address their inclosures to "BEADLE AND COMPANY, 98 WILLIAM ST., N. Y." and to write plainly on the corner of the envelope the words "Book Man." The postage on a package so addressed, is two cents for every four ounces. If not so marked the postage will be the usual letter rates, viz: three cents for every half ounce.—In the choice of matter, preference will be given to those contributions (excellence being equal) which are shortest.

All communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to

BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

THE SENSATION OF THE SEASON!

In pursuance of the policy to present readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL only with the BEST THINGS of authors most admired by THE PEOPLE, we shall commence, in our next issue, a

GLOWING ROMANCE OF THE GREAT CITY!

alike remarkable for absorbing interest of story, power of narrative, and the beauty, pathos and mysterious relations of its characters and situations, viz:

THE ACE OF SPADES;

OR,

Iola, the Street Sweeper.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF THE "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," ETC., ETC.

As Dickens created a new era in British literature by presenting the human and inhuman natures of the great Babylon of London, as it is, so this keen-sighted and firm-handed writer will make himself felt by his vigor of pen, honesty of purpose and exquisite sensibility.

Without a word, passage or chapter that can shock the most fastidious taste, this brilliant serial is a wonderfully true picture of things as they are in New York's hidden life. He gives us startling photographs of

The Newsboy and Gambr,
The Sport and Decoy,
The Rough and Bully,
The Daughter of the Street,
The Man Who Lives for Vengeance,
The Fifth Avenue Foster Father,
The Beautiful Child of Adoption,
The More Beautiful Child of Poverty,

all of whom are not mere fictions but types of persons who mix and mingle in a drama of subtle force and mystery.

As a story it is, also, a type of those which ever will grace the columns of what our friends now term, with great unanimity of opinion,

THE MODEL OF ALL THE WEEKLIES.

The Higher Beauty.—Nobody can deny the power of a beautiful face. Nobody wants to. It instantly attracts and commands admiration without so much as a word being spoken. Almost every one wishes to be beautiful or to be thought so. Else why do people try all sorts of devices to conceal the defects of nature or the marks of time. Why do artists find a plentiful sale for paints and powders, and cosmetics of all kinds, which promise a soft skin, brilliant color and abundant locks? God intends us all to be beautiful—to be sure he has not given all regular features, fair complexions and symmetrical forms. But he has put within our reach a beauty far more enduring than that of the "outer man," a beauty with which plain faces are made radiant and without which beautiful faces are insipid. He has given us minds and souls and the power of achieving knowledge and piety, and the surest way to look well is to cultivate them both. When the mind is awakened by study and thought the eyes are no longer dull; when the soul is filled with love to God and man it will shine in the face and make it glorious, not with a beauty that attracts the most observation, but with a beauty which never loses its charm and is a constant happiness to its possessor and to those within its influence. Let us become beautiful! "God has giving me a faculty for dressing, and I intend to use it," said a lady who doesn't want to vote. We hope He gave her husband a faculty for making money.

Thinking.—Thinking, not growth, makes perfect manhood. There are some, who, though they have done growing, are still only boys. The constitution may be fixed, while the judgment is immature; the limbs may be strong, while the reasoning is feeble. Many who can run, and jump, and bear any fatigue, can not observe, can not examine, can not reason or judge, contrive or execute—they do not think. Accustom yourself, then, to thinking. Set yourself to understand whatever you see or read. To run through a book is not a difficult task, nor is it a profitable one. To understand a few pages only, is far better than to read the whole, where mere reading it is all. If the work does not set you to thinking, either you or the author must be very deficient. It is only by thinking that a man can know himself. Yet all other knowledge, without this, is splendid ignorance. Not a glance merely, but much close examination will be requisite, for the forming a true opinion of your own powers. Ignorance and self-conceit always tend to make you overrate your personal ability; as a slight degree of knowledge may make a timid mind pass upon himself too hum-

ble a judgment. It is only by thinking, and much impartial observation, that a man can discover his real disposition. A hasty temper only supposes itself properly alive; an indolent indulger imagines he is as active as any one; but by close and severe examination each may discover something nearer the truth. Thinking is, indeed, the very germ of self-cultivation—the source from which all vital influence springs. Thinking will do much for an active mind, even in the absence of books, or living instructors. The reasoning faculty grows firm, expands, discerns its own powers, acts with increasing facility, precision, and extent, under all its privations. Where there is no privation, but every help from former thinkers, how much may we not expect from it! Thus great characters rise. While he who thinks little, though much he reads, or much he sees, can hardly call any thing he has his own. He trades with borrowed capital, and is in the high road to literary or rather to mental bankruptcy.

The Root of the Evil.—The great trouble of the day among American youth is the lack of application in whatever they undertake, and the want of thoroughness in their labors. Any thing that can not be learned in a short time, and with but a superficial study, is given the go-by for something less tedious and irksome. Study and hard labor are too apt to be looked at from a wrong standpoint; and, as a natural consequence, the clerkship's ranks are full of unemployed and half-starving young men, and the professions are overflowing with mediocrity unemployed and unpaid, while the good mechanics always find plenty of work at living prices. But here, as in other quarters, the evil spoken of is felt seriously. Those who have designed to work at a trade at all have done it in so loose and careless a manner that they are not competent to do the work they promise to do. Our prisons are crowded with young men who never learn to do any work well, and among the loudest declaimers for the rights of labor are many men, and women too, who can claim none of the rights that belong to labor well performed. Shiftless, ignorant and lazy, they expect to be boosted and buoyed up by the rules and regulations of tyrannical trades' unions, so that their half-work will be as well paid as the thorough performance of patient and intelligent workmen.

The Simple Secret.—Twenty clerks in a store; twenty hands in a printing-office; twenty apprentices in a ship-yard; twenty young men in a village—all want to get on in the world, and expect to do so. One of the clerks will become a partner, and make a fortune; one of the compositors will own a newspaper and become an influential citizen; one of the apprentices will become a master-builder; one of the young villagers will get a handsome farm, and live like a patriarch—but which one is the lucky individual? Lucky! There is no luck about it. The thing is almost as certain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, who lives cleanly and purely, who devotes his leisure to the acquisition of knowledge, who never gets into debt, who gains friends by deserving them, and who saves his spare money. There are some ways to fortune shorter than this old dusty highway, but the stanch men of the community, the men who achieve something really worth having, good fortune, good name, and serene old age, all go in this road.

Buy a Home.—Every laboring poor man should buy himself a town lot, get that paid for, and then work to make the necessary improvements. A little here and a little there will in due time produce you a home of your own, and place you out of the landlord's grasp; remember that fifty dollars a year saved in rent, will in a very few years pay for your home, and the money it costs you to move and shift about, without any loss of furniture and time, pay the interest on a five-hundred-dollar judgment against your property, until you can gradually reduce it to nothing. You can all buy that way—why do you not risk it? If you fail you are no worse off—if you succeed, as any careful man is sure to do, you have made a home and established a basis equal to many another's, which will start you in business.

The Last Time.—There is ever something solemnizing in the thought that it is the last time. The last gleam of the day—the last word before parting—the last look of life. All these acquire an importance and interest vastly beyond any which they would possess in and of themselves. The sun shone bright before he approached his setting; and the farewell word spoken was some ordinary one, of no real weight; the parting look was one which we would otherwise have forgotten. But no noonday splendor was so cherished in memory as that slanting beam that disappeared in a spark of gold over the western hills; and no one tone in all our converse dwelt on the ear so long and clear, as that one word "good-by;" no look has been so often recalled as that smile of recognition of the pallid face from whence life was taking its flight.

Woman's Friendship.—True friendship between women is rare, but when it exists between those who are gifted with highly cultivated minds and warm feelings, it far surpasses any attachment between those of the other sex. Such friendship is a sweet attraction of the heart toward merit we esteem, or the perfection we admire, and produces a mutual inclination between two or more persons to promote each other's interest, knowledge, virtue and happiness.

Startling Statistics.—Some statistician has been figuring on the cost of an "occasional drink," and the result is positively astonishing. In answer to the question: "How are so many drinking houses sustained?" he shows that twenty men at thirty cents a day will pay one of the tippling shops two thousand, one hundred and ninety dollars a year. A man who pays thirty cents a day for "drinks," pays one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents a year. This is the interest on one thousand five hundred and sixty-four dollars at seven per cent. at simple interest. This sum, thirty cents a day, amounts in ten years to one thousand one hundred and seventy-one dollars and ninety-five cents. All this is wasted, paid out for "an enemy that steals away a

man's brains" and robs him and his family of every comfort. Intoxicating liquors give neither strength to the body, vigor to the mind, resolution to the will, elevation to morals, nor dignity to character. Strong drink drags a man down from his high estate, depraves all his appetites, and leaves him in pain and misery, the mere wreck and semblance of a man. The constant use of intoxicating liquors makes hard times for many a man; thus, a family of five persons will consume four barrels of flour a year, or one thousand and fifty-six pounds of bread. This is nearly three pounds a day. Good flour can be bought now for seven dollars a barrel; four times seven makes twenty-eight dollars; and thirty cents a day for drinks is one hundred and nine dollars and fifty cents, or eighty-one dollars and fifty cents more per year than the bread for a family of five persons costs. "But," says A., "I only take two drinks a day." Very well, you pay then for your drinks seventy-three dollars a year; only forty-five dollars more than you pay for the bread consumed by your whole family, if it contains five persons. This sum would provide tea and coffee for them. Here, then, we see that the man who pays even twenty cents a day for liquor, spends a sum sufficient to supply his family with bread, tea and coffee for the year. Is it strange that times are hard, that men complain of the government, and charge that it oppresses them with onerous taxes? The above figures show how men tax themselves, and how they tax the property too.

Literary Women.—Literary women are not so entirely unlike the rest of their sex as some people imagine. Grace Greenwood tells the following little story, which illustrates the point: "A lovely young friend of mine once met Miss Martineau and Mrs. Somerville at a literary soiree. Being exceedingly modest, my friend dared not seek an introduction to beings so exalted, but watched them afar off with the intense interest of true genius-worship. At last she saw them sitting together in a secluded window-seat, conversing in a deeply-interesting manner. Thinking that the subject under discussion might be the track of the next comet, or some profound question of political economy, she resolved to draw near, and, unperceived, catch and hoard up some of those grand revelations of genius and bold speculations of science. She stole noiselessly up to the window, and, hidden by the curtain, listened: 'I will tell you what I mean to do,' said Miss Martineau, laying her hand emphatically on the arm of Mrs. Somerville, 'I mean to have my white crape shawl dyed brown, to wear with my brown satin dress.' Then answered Mrs. Somerville impressively, through the ear-trumpet of Harriet Martineau: 'I think you can not do better, my dear.'"

Voice and Manner.—These have much to do with the qualifications of a pleasant speaker. It was this that lent the irresistible charm, which all his listeners acknowledged, to the conversation of Chateaubriand. It is really not so much what is said, as how it is said, that makes the difference between the talkers of society. In public discussions, in parliament or elsewhere, though the graces of voice and manner are valuable adjuncts to the speaker, especially in the opening of his career, he soon commands the attention of the audience, in spite of personal defects in these particulars, when it is once found that he can speak to the purpose. But all the good sense and ability in the world will not make up, in society, for a hesitating and embarrassed manner, or even for a very disagreeable voice. We may be conscious that the man has plenty to say, but we receive no pleasure from his talk.

The Spirit of Invention.—Three hundred years ago, before man had gained control of the forces of Nature, and was yet fighting for the bare liberty to study them, Lord Bacon thus estimated the import of inventions in the world's affairs: "The introduction of new inventions seemeth to be the very chief of all human actions. The benefits of new inventions may extend to all mankind universally, but the good of political achievements can respect but some particular cantons of men; these latter do not endure above a few ages, the former forever. Inventions make all men happy without either injury or damage to any one single person. Furthermore, new inventions are, as it were, new erections and imitations of God's own works."

Independence.—To a well-balanced character, independence is also necessary. Every man should be king over his own soul. A certain degree of self-confidence, too, carries with it great force, but this should not be allowed to sink into self-conceit. The most successful man is the most unselfish, other things being equal. Self-love is generally the secret of a man's unpopularity. The conquests of Christ were made through his grand, his Godlike unselfishness. Added to all these should be integrity and downright honor, and then the highest type of manhood is attained. To sum up all in one word, the model man is a "Christian."

Conversation.—There is speaking well, speaking easily, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last, to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable; this conversation is cruel; and the comparison, which naturally rises in them between their condition and yours, is excruciating.

Man's Duty.—No man has any right to manage his affairs in such a way that his sudden death would bring burdens and losses on other people. There may be rare cases where a man really can not help entanglements, or where, from inexperience or lack of judgment, he has brought his affairs into such a state that the interest of others depends upon his life; but he should make all possible haste to extricate himself from such a position.

Little by Little.—Learning will accumulate wonderfully if you add a little every day. Do not wait for a long period of leisure. Pick up the book, and gain one idea, if no more. Save that one, and add another as soon as you can.

SONG.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

We sat upon the summer hill,
Her hand I held in fee,
We saw the vale with sunshine fill,
And far away, the sea.

Said she, "To-day these landscapes wear
A glory that's divine,
And nature's smile is sweet and fair—"
I added, "So is thine."

With little fingers softly weak
She pinched me on the arm—
The blush upon her tender cheek
Adding another charm

And presently said I, "This scene
The Rhine can not out-do,
And every thing is fresh and green—"
She added, "So are you!"

Washington Whitehorn's

ANSWERS TO

CONTRIBUTORS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

CHROMO.—We don't know where you could procure a picture of "Beauty." Our photos are all out.

MOLLIE.—We thank you for your sweet words and good-will toward the SATURDAY JOURNAL. We shall show that your praise is no flattery, and intend to lead its columns on to glory.

JUNIOR.—Frogs abide in moist swamps, and live principally on a log, half in and half out of water. The largest parts of them are their mouths, so made that they can conveniently crawl in and sleep o' nights. Their hind legs are French delicacies (we are decidedly French). Our country folks call them *Stuck-in-the-muds*. It is fun to hear them say of an evening, "What do you want? What do you want?" while the little ones grit their teeth at you from all sides. Their plumage is a pea-green. This is all we know of frogs.

AARON.—We can't tell what school would be best for you to attend, but are under the opinion that almost any would do you good.

X. Y. Z.—"Will you wed?" we are sorry to decline. Can't possibly accept—wife would object.

B. CAREFUL.—Don't object to the young lady on account of her riches. Poets may sing in praise of marrying for love and working for money, but we would prefer to marry for money and work for love; but then we're different from anybody else.

SQUINT. who prides himself upon his good looks, relates that, after spending one whole morning in smiling devotedly at a young lady in the window opposite, she requited his ardor by having the negro servant sit there the balance of the day, and wants our advice as to what he ought to do. Sue her for breach of etiquette.

280.—If you have nothing else to do we would advise you to buy a velocipede and be a big thing on wheels.

STOKES.—A man who is lynched is not hung to a limb of the law. However, in either case, he meets his death with gravity. His most unlucky season is the fall.

JAMES.—The light of worldly folly is going down-street on the first of April laughing at the fellow just ahead of you who has a rag pinned to his coat-tail when you have one on your own!

DICK.—Keep in good heart, and remember that young ladies are prone to flirtation as the heels of a mule of the male gender are to fly upward.

SARAH.—"Out in the starlight," is not good by the light in which we see it. You say, "I love to sing when starlight falls." So do also the frogs.

BILL.—Your poem on "Life" has no animation.

PETE.—Your article on "Grasshoppers" was so very lively that it jumped of its own accord into the stove.

JONAS.—The only fault we find with your essay is that it is of no account.

SWIPES.—Your "Lines written on a young lady" came to us written upon paper. We hired a deaf man to read them to us, and have come to the conclusion that, somehow, the best part of the poem was left out, as we couldn't find it.

WILSON.—For a cold we would advise you before you retire to apply a mustard poultice to the foot of your bed and drink a pint of dry flour. The cold will leave after that, if it ever does.

ALLIE MODE.—Dresses this year will be cut *cut-us*. They will be of calico, lined with silk, with wash panner, and heavily trimmed with a pair of shears. The shoes will be brogue-Anns, with heels about the shape of a hungry exclamation point. Handkerchiefs will be thinner than ever, as noses will not be blown this year. Black hair will be all the rage with those who have it, and trains will be sufficiently long enough to give particular effect to the popular song, "I'm standing on the style, Mary."

JACK wants to know if it is impolite to squint at a blind person or talk Dutch to a cow. It used to was.

A. B. SEEDY.—Poem received: too much originality in the spelling. You should thoroughly master your primer. You have good common sense—very common.

PORT.—MS. doesn't always stand for *mess*.

HISTORIAN.—Washington did not discover America, nor is Jackson still President.

SUPE.—A scavenger is an awful offal man.

SIMPSEY.—Your story is too good to be true. What we want is fact founded upon fiction.

OXENSIS.—The next letter after G is Haw—ha! ha!

OLYMPIUS.—Lines to the Moon we beg to decline; too many poems come to us written under the influence of that planet.

FILL UP.—Yes, a drunken man can walk a chalk mark if it be sufficiently crooked.

Hero has been challenged to fight a duel by his rival, and asks us what to do. We are no advocates of bloodshed, but if your rival stands entirely between you and the maiden's affections, and you can get some one to draw the balls unknown to either of you, we say, *fight it out*, for he deserves to be shot with a point-blank cartridge. Can't you get somebody to take your part, and also your place? We would prefer our duels to be fought by proxy when we can't decline the appointment heroically.

Yours for a good dinner.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

The Lady of the Tower

BY C. D. CLARK.

The sun was going down upon the mountains of old Spain, in the region where the Moors still held their sway—the grand old days when Boabdil the Unlucky held his court in old Granada, the city of wonders. It is said that the sun is more glorious in its setting than at any other period, and so it was with the kingdom of the Moor. Never had the grand old kingdom shown a prouder array of warriors than now, never had the voluptuous magnificence of which Oriental nations are so proud been better shown than on this beautiful day. And yet the king knew that the princes of Spain had sworn his downfall, and that his kingdom could not stand.

Upon the slope of a hill, with the declining rays of the sun glinting from his steel corset and lighting up the feathers on his plumed helmet, a knight sat upon horseback, looking down into a beautiful valley. Just below him a river ran on its way to the sea, and beyond it, across a heavy bridge, the towers of a small castle could be seen—one of those strong keeps which the Moors built, solid and strong, with iron-studded gates and massive walls, calculated to withstand any thing except heavy ordnance.

The knight had his visor raised and showed a youthful and handsome countenance with well-chiseled features, which told at once that he was of Spanish blood. In the rear rode a youthful page, bearing his lance and sword. The boy was dressed in Moorish costume, and was plainly of that race so detested by the Spaniard.

"How say you, Abdallah?" said the knight. "Yonder lies the tower in which the vailed lady keeps her state, if I mistake not."

"Truly it doth, sir knight," replied the page.

"It were ill manners to requite your kindness to me by giving bad advice, neither would you listen to good. I am but the slave of your will, and, therefore, what I say amounts to little. But, if you will take my wisdom, I will say turn your horse's head, and sooner trust yourself in a lion's den than seek to win the vailed lady from the hands of the Moor."

"Gramercy for thy counsel, good Abdallah," replied the knight. "Go to the gate with my trumpet and sound. And when the summons is answered, say that Sir Ralph of Enderby, a knight of noble blood in Scotland, at present fighting under the banner of Castile, is come to lay lance in rest for the rescue of the lady of the tower."

"Have it as thou wilt," muttered the lad to himself. "With the bull-headed obstinacy of thy race thou wilt persist in thrusting thy neck into a snare. So let it be; what will be, will be; Allah be praised for the same."

He touched his horse and rode down to the bridge, closely followed by his master, and raising the trumpet to his lips blew a merry blast. The note was answered from within, and a small gate in the larger one was swung open, and a Moorish man-at-arms came out in full armor.

"Whom have we here?" he said. Abdallah gave his message promptly, and the man bowed and retired within the gate. The knight waited impatiently, when the heavy chains of the great gate rattled and swung aside, leaving the passage free. "Enter, sir knight," cried the man-at-arms, "and you are right welcome here. Our arms have grown rusty in this long-continued truce, and how can we scour them better than on the shield of so worthy a knight?"

Sir Ralph bowed his plumed helmet and entered the gate, which closed behind him. "Dis-mount, sir knight," said the seneschal. "You come in good time. Our lady was about to sit down to supper, and your company will be right pleasant."

"Lead me, quickly to a room where I may prepare for meeting the fair lady for whom I must lay lance in rest," said the knight. "Abdallah, bring thou the saddle-bags to the place this worthy man shall say."

"This way, sir knight," said the seneschal. "Bid your page attend you."

Sir Ralph followed the man up a pair of lofty stairs and into a small room in the eastern tower, where he performed his ablutions, changed his armor for the rich dress of a gentleman of the day, and then followed a page who had come to lead him into the presence of the lady of the tower. The boy was dressed in a garb of blue and silver, and was of Moorish blood, as were all the attendants and men-at-arms he had seen. A great door swung open and showed him a dining-hall, with raised seats about a round table for the accommodation of many guests. Only a single lady and two maids of honor were in the room. The lady wore a lace veil, so thick that it was impossible to distinguish her features, but her form was symmetrical itself, and Sir Ralph was sure that such

grace of form could not be without its appropriate beauty of feature. She extended her hand with graceful ease, and he bent over it until his long hair touched her wrist.

"Sir knight," she said, "you are welcome hither, and yet I would not have one so young peril his life for a lady whose unhappy fate it has been to see many noble knights meet death, or languish in dungeons, for her sake. If you will take my advice you will order your steed, and ride back from whence you came, and trouble not yourself for my unhappy fortune."

"May my arms be disgraced in the day when I turn back from any good work, fair lady," said the young knight. "God will fight in the good cause, and I pray you not speak of return."

"Let it be as you say," said the lady, sadly, "since you will have it so. Sit down and eat while I tell you my story."

Sir Ralph handed the lady to her place with courtly grace and sat at her right hand, while attendants brought in food. He ate with the appetite of a man who had ridden hard and fasted long. When he had finished, she made a sign to her attendants to fall back, and began her story.

"I am of Spanish blood, sir knight, as you doubtless know. Who I am must remain a secret until there arises a man strong enough to overthrow the Moor who holds me captive, and take me back to Spain. When I cross the borders of Andalusia a noble heritage awaits me. This you must do to save me. The man who holds me will appear to-morrow, and you must run three courses with him in the meadows outside the tower, and if the lance fails, or either rider is dismounted, fight it out on foot with ax and dagger. If you win, as I pray heaven you may, then I am yours to dispose of as you see fit. If you think the prize worth winning, then fight bravely, and God give you victory."

"I speak but ill, fair lady, or I could tell you how much this fires my heart. I can only

a scarf of blue, with a golden device in the center, upon his mailed arm above the elbow. He bowed his plumed helmet until the plumes mingled with his horse's mane, and took his shield from his page.

"Gallant knight," said the vailed lady, "something tells me that my long and weary imprisonment ends to-day. Do your devoir bravely for I shall behold your deeds."

With another courtly salute the knight wheeled his horse, making him perform a demi-volte, and passed out at the open gate, followed by Abdallah. El Mustapha waited impatiently.

"Come," he cried. "Where is this Christian who longs to lie in the prison of Granada? I am waiting."

"I am here," cried Sir Ralph. "To your place, sir Moor, and know that God defends the right."

"Allah preserve us," said the Moor, drawing the visor down. "Let us see if the power of a Moorish lance is not greater than that of a Christian's."

This short dialogue had taken place in the center of the meadow, which had been laid out for a list, and, as the Mahometan spoke, they wheeled their horses sharply and rode back, each taking his position for the course.

They met with a crash. The spear-head of the Moor glinted from the shield of Sir Ralph, but the interposition of his own was not enough to keep the lance-point of the Scot from his body and he was struck fairly in the breast. Perhaps, even then, he might not have been unhorsed, but his girths broke and the proud Moor rolled in the dust, while Sir Ralph caught the waving of a silken scarf from the window of the strong tower, and knew that his gallant conduct was watched by the fair lady for whom he fought.

He had no time to think of this now, for El Mustapha was upon his feet and had snatched his battle-ax from the hand of his esquire, and was again rushing to the fray. By the laws of

call it, of El Mustapha. For the honor of Granada this shall not be. To horse; ride out of the great gate and cross the bridge, while I see if the wit of an old man is not a match for two score of mountaineers."

A horse was procured for the vailed lady, and she rode away, attended by Sir Ralph and Abdallah. They crossed the bridge and reached the high above, where they turned and saw the old seneschal and his six men clattering after. The old man looked over his shoulder often at the tower.

"Look, look!" cried Abdallah. "By my soul, their plunder will cost them dear."

They looked back quickly. The tower was seen to rock and tremble, and then came an explosion which shook the earth whereon they stood. The next moment they were joined by the seneschal, cool and self-possessed.

"Allah be praised; they fell into the trap," he said. "I laid a train to the magazine where we stored our powder, and rode out just as they clambered over the wall. Ride on."

Two days' hard riding brought them to the borders of Castile. Here the seneschal bade them good-by and turned to go. The vailed lady threw off the heavy lace and showed a face of surpassing beauty.

"Stay with us, brave old man. My father, now that I stand on Spanish ground, I am not afraid to own. He is Count Regniold of Navarre, and will well recompense you if you will go with me."

"Nay, lady. I took you when a child, and gave you into my master's hands; I have guarded you from that hour. But I am too old to learn how to fight under the Christian banner. Fare thee well."

As he moved away the young countess lifted her hand, and burst into tears. "Do not go, my good Abdallah. You have been too dear to me for us to part now."

"Alas, alas, my child, I am a Moor. My race is hunted and hated as if it were a poison to the earth. Look abroad and you see evidences of our power, our culture, our greatness. Our cities are of wondrous beauty; our fields are of wondrous richness; our people are brave and our women beautiful; but Christians call us dogs and wage war against us to the bitter end. I am a Moor, lady—proud of lineage and race. I would not desert my people for any reward this earth can give. Though I love you as my own child, yet would I not follow your fortunes. Say to your father—a proud, fierce hater of my people—that the one Moor who cared for his child more tenderly than Christian ever cared for Moor, was but doing a duty enjoined of all his race—to treat women and children with tenderness. Ask him to think of this when, in his expeditions against the Andalusian towns, he rides over the dead and wounded alike, striking down even the child upon its mother's breast. Ask him, if he must battle with our race, to strike only the men, who are his worthy

foes and who will fight him to the last. Wilt thou do this, child?"

"Ay, good Abdallah. I will plead for thy people. My father is a Christian and battles with a Christian zeal, I doubt not; but, he will regard thy race with more respect for the good one of them has done his child."

"Farewell, then, lady; and may the Good Eye that watches over the Faithful be ever with thee!" saying which, with a low salaam he turned and rode away.

Count Regniold received with becoming honors the man who had rescued his daughter from the Moor, and gave him her hand in marriage. And the old legends tell wild tales of the brave deeds he did, in after years, in the battle with the Moor.



say that I will do my best; no man may do more."

"Then I leave you to your wine. When you have finished, touch this bell and an attendant will show you to your room. For myself, I pass the night in my oratory, praying that you may win the battle. God give you good-night!"

She rose, and accompanied by her ladies swept out of the room, the rich dresses rustling as they walked. Sir Ralph sat in a pensive attitude, drank a glass or two of wine, and went down to the tilt-yard, where he exercised his horse until it was too dark for warlike practice. Then an attendant showed him his apartment, where he slept peacefully until awakened by the blare of a trumpet. He sprang up quickly and ran to the window of the tower. A knight in armor stood below, accompanied by a herald, and the sound of his voice rung in the ears of the guest.

"Zagal El Mustapha, a knight of Granada, is come to chastise the catiff who rested to-night in the tower in which dwells the vailed lady, who names himself Sir Ralph of Enderby. Let him arm himself and come forth."

Sir Ralph threw open the lattice and bent forward. "Tell Zagal El Mustapha that Sir Ralph of Enderby huris his defiance in the face of the false knight who has named him catiff, and dares him to the combat within the hour."

El Mustapha bowed and retired to the meadow in which the courses were always run and where seats had been set up for the accommodation of those who came at times to witness the overthrow of Christian knights by the Moor, who was skilled in all knightly weapons. By the terms of the combat, if the challenger was not slain, he was sent to Granada as a present to the Moorish king. Many brave knights and esquires, during the two years that the vailed lady had been held in the tower, had met their fate at his hands, and some languished in the dungeons of Granada.

Abdallah aided his master to arm, and followed him into the yard of the tower, in which a groom held his steed. As he bounded into the saddle the vailed lady came out and bound

the combat Sir Ralph might have remained upon horseback to meet the assault of the Moor, but he was not the man to take an unworthy advantage of a foe. Throwing aside his cumbersome shield, and grasping his battle-ax firmly, he met the attack of El Mustapha undauntedly. Through all Spain this Moor was noted for his ponderous strength, and by this alone he hoped to beat down his lighter adversary. But, Sir Ralph was active and muscular, and such an adept in the use of his weapon that he forced the Moor backward step by step, and, feinting with the spear-head on his ax, made the Moor lower his own weapon to ward off the blow. Then, shifting the blow suddenly, he struck the Moor a second blow which brought him to his knee. El Mustapha saw that his time had come, and vainly raised his weapon to ward off the falling steel. His ax-handle was chopped off close to the blade, and the third blow stretched him senseless on the plain.

Loud and high around the valiant knight rose the war-cry of the Moor, and a body of men suddenly sprang up from the covert and aimed a volley at him from arquebus and cross-bow. But, he sprang into the saddle and rode safely back to the tower, followed by his Moorish page. The lady stood in the gateway to receive him.

"Well and gallantly fought, Sir Ralph of Enderby," she said. "You have won the prize, but how will you escape from the lion's brood, since you have slain their head?"

"We will stand by you," cried the aged Moor who had so long been the vailed lady's jailer. "I know if my master had not been slain he would give the young knight free passage to Castile. Let me go out and speak with my comrades."

He opened the postern and ran out, where he held a conference with the followers of El Mustapha. He came back shaking his head. "These are but mountain robbers," he said, "who care as little for El Mustapha as for this Scottish knight. But they swear by the bones of the Prophet that they will take the tower and hang Sir Ralph upon a tree for the murder, as they

foes and who will fight him to the last. Wilt thou do this, child?"

"Ay, good Abdallah. I will plead for thy people. My father is a Christian and battles with a Christian zeal, I doubt not; but, he will regard thy race with more respect for the good one of them has done his child."

"Farewell, then, lady; and may the Good Eye that watches over the Faithful be ever with thee!" saying which, with a low salaam he turned and rode away.

Count Regniold received with becoming honors the man who had rescued his daughter from the Moor, and gave him her hand in marriage. And the old legends tell wild tales of the brave deeds he did, in after years, in the battle with the Moor.

Hand, Not Heart:

OR,

THE DOUBLE BETROTHAL.

BY LENNOX WYLDER.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A PACKAGE FROM A QUEER POSTMAN.

It was a chilly night in November of this same year. Wild, gray clouds were flying through the air, and bleak winds were sweeping in from the west. Now and then the moon showed her wan face from behind the racing cloud-banks, and glimmered for a moment down on the gloomy earth, as if making an honest effort to spread some cheer and light upon a very dismal, wintry scene.

The few streets of the little village of Labberton were, a long time since, deserted—the light from a shop-window, here and there, throwing a sort of civilized glare about in the gloom. But, as no customers came, these were, one by one,

extinguished, and soon the place was in perfect gloom.

Nevertheless, one light from the little group of houses flickered out on the night. We will go thither.

It was a small brick house; and on the window-casing was nailed a sign, already rusted and storm-stained. It bore the following:

CLAVIS WARNE, *Atto. at Law.*

Seated within the room of his small home, from which flashed the light, was the young lawyer. He sat by a table, leaning his hand upon it—his face as we have seen him last, pale and stern, gloomed over with anxious thought and a settled shade of sorrow. His left arm, however, was not now in splints and suspended in a sling.

The truth is, several months have elapsed since that morning when Clavis, after those significant words to St. Clair Arlington, entered the doctor's carriage and drove away to the neighboring village. And many events have happened since then; but which, as they do not have a special bearing upon our story, we will give only in brief.

The hot days of summer had gone; then the russet-tinted autumn, with its falling leaves, had been ushered in; and now, this night—the 14th of November—had dragged itself slowly onward. The dreary confines of winter were in sight, and the gray snow-clouds of the sky were sure harbingers of the grim ice-king.

The day on which Clavis Warne had left the old manor, he did not, as we have said, even say good-by to poor Agnes. The truth is, his mind was so confused that, as he did not see the maiden, he did not ask for her. But he was not indifferent to her; far from it. And, had the young man known that a pale, tear-bedimmed face was gazing out yearningly after him from behind the curtains of a room in the second story, he would never have left the house without a word of cheer to the lonely, stricken girl, who watched with loving eyes his every movement.

And when Clavis had gone—when the carriage in which he sat whirled rapidly out of sight, behind a bend in the road, Agnes Arlington had reeled away from the room, and, with tottering steps, had sought her own apartment.

Fanny was powerless now to give her comfort, though the sympathizing maid strove to do so. Agnes' heart had received a wound to heal which no balm was efficacious. That heart yearned for a man who had turned his back upon her, without even saying farewell! That man's life she had saved; that man, of all others, she loved! And then, the damning truth! The grim phantom rose hideously before her: *her hand was sworn away*—sworn to one whose very name brought horror to her heart.

Then she had sunk on her knees and prayed God for help and comfort. No earthly power could bring to her soul "surcease of sorrow."

Delaney Howe held the terrible secret of that moment of indiscretion—of infatuation—in the library. He had seen the uplifted knife—his hand had stayed her arm! And now she was bound to him as it were by fetters of iron!

For over an hour the poor girl remained on her knees, in silent, heart-breaking supplication to the King of kings. And Fanny, with quiet tears, looked sadly on.

At length the maiden arose; all traces of emotion had passed away; but the face was old and haggard. Yet it was stony and stern; and a fixed resolve sat on her features. She had not found comfort, but she was now resigned—resigned to become the wife of him she loathed!

Late in the afternoon of that same day, a wagon from the village came for Clavis Warne's trunk. Agnes Arlington watched it go, too; but, though there was a slight shiver at her heart, yet her face remained impassive and cold.

As the days went by, gradually there came a softer expression to the poor girl's wan, marble-like features. Suddenly, one afternoon, a copious flood of tears came to her relief—opened up her woman's heart again, and saved from wreck her almost crazed brain.

Without a word to any one, she threw on her shawl, left the mansion quietly, and hurried across the plain toward the humble home of the widow Howe, in the distance.

When she passed a certain portion of the wide-stretching waste, a shudder passed over her frame. But she hastened on.

Her sudden appearance in the home of poverty and sickness took all by surprise; but Agnes went quietly in, embraced the poor old woman, and gently called her *mother*! Then she drew near the bedside of the sufferer, and took her hot hand in her own cold, nerveless palm.

Day after day Agnes regularly made her appearance at the widow's; day after day she kissed the old woman's cheek; day after day she called her *mother*; day after day she sat by Dora Howe's bedside, and heard the sufferer murmur, "Clavis! Clavis!"

Thus the time had passed with Agnes Arlington, those long weeks and months. And, as the days went by, a look of resignation spread over her countenance, and her face was that of a vestal. Her daily visits were looked for, too, and were she an hour later than usual, the widow would grow anxious and nervous, and the sufferer on the bed would weep silent tears.

More than once Delaney Howe had been present when Agnes had entered. His eyes had burned into her soul, and he had watched her like a hawk. But the girl had spoken to him kindly and called him "Delaney," and then a softer expression—one telling somewhat of pity—came over the young man's face; but it had quickly gone.

Never but once, since the morning he had left the mansion, had Agnes laid eyes on Clavis Warne. That one time was on a dark night, when she sat by Dora Howe's bed; when the physician stood there, too; when Dora Howe's life was hanging on a thread. There had come a gentle tap at the door; the door had silently swung open, and a tall man, with a stern, sorrowful, handsome face—his left arm in a sling—stood there. One glance in the room, and he turned hastily, and closed the door. His echoing footsteps fading in the distance, told that he had gone.

Agnes Arlington knew well enough who it was, but the poor old mother insisted that it was the padroon's wraith, and that its presence boded evil, and was a sign of death!

The battle between science and death—if we can thus narrow down the contest—over poor Dora Howe was long and determined. But, the faithful physician was ever ready at his post, watching every movement of the enemy. The crisis had come the night that Clavis had suddenly appeared, and as suddenly disappeared. The critical hour passed, and Dora Howe had a new lease upon life.

Alas! that lease evidently was for a short term. When Dora Howe had emerged from that conflict, she looked more like death than life. But, she was saved—for a time, at least.

St. Clair Arlington was now a care-worn, haggard man. He was often in company with Delaney Howe, and the light in his library was never extinguished until the early morning. He was always stern and rude toward Agnes, though it was but seldom he met her.

There was an anxious, foreboding expression about his face, which showed well that there were consuming fires constantly preying upon him. And then—he could not conceal it—his money, of which every one thought he had a perfect mine, was going fast—in fact, was almost gone; and Delaney Howe, as of old, drew on him regularly.

He could not refuse this man—dared not even tell him of his diminished and impoverished exchequer, for then he feared Delaney's tongue, and that young man held a secret of his!

Twice, in the streets of Labberton, St. Clair Arlington had stood face to face with Clavis Warne; but between them there was no salutation, nothing but a quick flashing of the eyes, which showed that at heart they knew one another well.

Delaney Howe went occasionally to the mysterious rendezvous in the cave, and every time he came away the frown upon his face was darker and more ominous. A net was drawing around him outside; he felt it; these "brothers" incumbered him; and then very dark thoughts grew up in his mind.

For some months past the mysterious shadow on the plain had, for some reason or other, failed to make its appearance. People wondered at this, for there were curious ones who made it a business to watch for it—at a safe distance. Various surmises, too, were made of it among the more superstitious; some of which were to the effect that old John Arlington's spirit was "laid"; others had it that the shadow had disappeared for a time, only to come again in a more awful form; and so on, *ad infinitum*.

Then, again, one month the moon did not shine on the fourteenth night—the terrible night!—and on another the sky was overcast with heavy clouds all night long. So on these two occasions the ghostly shadow could not appear.

However, the truth was, in a word, the singular Thing did not come. But, at length it made its appearance once more, on the right night, and it was the same old shadow. He who saw it was Delaney Howe.

The young man had been out searching for Dora, who was abroad that inauspicious evening, and was crossing the open common on his return home. He knew well enough that Dora often went, in her wild moods, to watch the shadow herself; but he would not have dared to seek her there!

Shortly after his return to his home, with a white, scared face, Dora came in, smiling, and talking her poor, foolish words.

Clavis Warne's arm, thanks to the skill and unremitting attention of the village doctor, was long ago well and as strong and useful as ever. The young man had opened, unexpectedly to all, a law-office in the village; though, as litigation was not often resorted to by the worthy inhabitants, it was impossible to see that he had any encouragement. Nevertheless, he nailed his sign to the window-frame, and kept his office-hours scrupulously. He did not seem to be doing much business—that is, to the outside world. But Clavis Warne was very busy. Always in his quiet office, he was striding up and down the room, his face wrinkled with deep thought; or, he was sitting by the table with scattered piles of paper—scraps, memorandums and letters, his eyes bent moodily upon the heaps before him; or, again, he was sitting by the same table with a pen in his hand, carefully and slowly jotting down item after item.

On this night—this bleak November evening, when the air was thick and dark, and the sky filled with racing racks of gray, plumed clouds, Clavis Warne sat by his office-table, leaning his hands upon it. His face, as always, was the theater of vexed thoughts and contending emotions.

He suddenly pushed his chair back, and rose to his feet. He glanced at the clock. Though all was so dark and dreary, yet the hour was early, only half-past-seven.

Slowly up and down the room he strode.

"When—when! will all this end? When will I tear myself from this hateful place, and go hence—bury myself forever from the world—bury myself, even as my poor heart is long since dead and buried! Dead! Is my heart dead? Does it not still pulse for her? And she—her wedding-day fixed! Agnes is another's; she has sworn her hand—if not her love—away! She is not for me!" A pause. "In the dead old days of the past—the black, hideous past—Dora's gentle ways, flashing beauty, and pure, untainted heart, did awaken a thrill in my bosom! And, am I dreaming—am I false? That thrill glows within me now! Poor thing! Can I minister to a mind diseased? Honor and justice and love bid me to her side! Mayhap reason may again return, and we may be happy. Can I be happy without Agnes? And then, Delaney Howe!"

He paused for a moment as a new train of thought seemed to strike him; and the frown, which had partly left his face, returned again, as he resumed his stride.

"I have forgotten almost for what I came to this place!" he muttered. "And yet, I never knew! Weeks and months have sped by, and still nothing from the mysterious writer, and—"

At that moment there came a loud ring on his office-bell. Clavis started. It was an unusual hour for business, and he had only one visitor, whom he had just left—the village physician. Who could this be? Delaney Howe and St. Clair Arlington flashed through his mind; he was well aware that they suspected his errand.

He hesitated. Again the bell sounded, loud and ominous.

Thrusting his hand in his bosom, Warne, with a look of grim determination upon his face, entered the hall, approached the door and opened it.

Instantly a parcel was flung in by some one from without.

The young man strode quickly to the steps and peered out. In the distance, hastening away, he saw the dim outlines of a form. Then it was gone in the gloom of the night.

Reëntering the hall, the young man closed the door, picked up the parcel, and hurried into the office. With nervous fingers, he untied the twine and unrolled the bundle.

A long, thin memorandum-book—evidently of old style, and made years ago—and a letter fell out upon the table.

The young man picked up the letter and glanced at the superscription. He started violently and trembled like a leaf. He knew that handwriting! That handwriting had called him hither!

His excitement was so great that he laid the letter down to regain his composure. Then, after a moment, he picked it up again, tore the envelope with greedy fingers, spread out the folded sheet, and read—

At that moment his office-bell again rung; this time, not so loud and fierce as before.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.

THE young lawyer started violently, as the echoing bell jingled in the room. He suddenly raised the lid of the desk at which he sat, and cast into it both the book and the letter which he had not time to read, or even to glance over.

Locking the desk, he arose and went to the door. Again he started, as he saw there a closely-veiled female figure; but, bowing low, he waited for the visitor to speak.

The woman glanced quickly around her, in every direction, and then, without speaking, hurried by him into the hall; then into the office.

Clavis Warne closed the door; and with wonder in his bosom, and his hand upon his pistol, followed.

"Well, madam," he said, as soon as he had entered the room, "be seated, and tell me in what manner I can serve you," and he endeavored to penetrate with his gaze through the thick black veil covering the woman's face. But, he sat down himself, still keeping his eyes upon the other.

"You do not know me, Clavis! Then I am well disguised!" said the visitor, in a sweet, yearning, trembling tone, and she threw her veil back.

"Agnes!" exclaimed the young man, springing to his feet, his eyes gleaming, his limbs trembling beneath him, from excitement. "You here?"

"Yes, Clavis; is my visit distasteful to you?" and she gazed him sadly in the face.

Going up to the girl, who watched him with her sad eyes, Clavis took her by the hand, and said:

"Yes, Agnes, I am glad to see you; but I would be false to my heart—false to you, darling Agnes—false to every thing that is honest and honorable, did I not say, too, that your visit gives me pain—that, my sweet one, you, whom alone I can really love—that the less often we meet the better for us both! Oh! Agnes!" he continued, unrestrainedly, and speaking vehemently, "a great wall has sprung up between us, which keeps us asunder! Would to God I could tear it down; but I can not, and you can not! Your vow has been recorded, Agnes, and though I love you as you can never be loved again—though I would shed my heart's blood for you, darling—yet, that vow is binding, and can not be broken! I am a God-fearing and, I trust, a God-serving man, and I can not ask you to break that vow! Alas! no; it must be so; and we must pray God to help and strengthen us both!"

And as he spoke, great tears came to his eyes, and the strong man bowed his head and wept.

Nor were Agnes Arlington's eyes dry; but, seeing the man whom she still loved so tenderly, so unswervingly, broken down by emotion, she controlled herself, and a stern, hard expression came to her face as she said, in a low but distinct voice:

"Amen! my dear Clavis, to your prayer! We will pray God for help in this our dark hour, and it may be that He will hear us! I can not deny, Clavis, that my heart bounds for you alone! I can not tear out the love I bear you; but, Clavis, the vow I made was so stern—so fearful, I can not break it. I have yearned for you, now, for several long months—yearned—prayed, for a sight of you, though I knew that sight would ultimately wring my heart. But, Clavis, I"—and she glanced around her nervously—"I came on another errand to-night. I came to have a talk with you about several matters—some very serious."

She paused.

Clavis did not speak. He looked at her with tearful eyes, as if inviting her to proceed.

Agnes glanced at the clock, and then casting down her eyes, said, in a voice low and tremulous with excitement:

"I know, Clavis, that we can never be united in ties closer than those of friendship. God has so ordered it, and we can not say nay! We must bow, though our hearts should break. But, Clavis, there may be a happy day for you in store. You are young and gifted, and well-fitted in every way to make woman happy. As for me, alas! I will fulfill my vow! I will marry Delaney Howe, and then—then, Clavis—I'll die! Nay, start not, and let not unjust suspicions enter your mind! I mean not self-destruction; I mean not that I will solve this ter-

rrible problem by taking that which God gave. Oh, no! But, Clavis, I am dying now, by inches, and I can not long survive my wedding-day! That day, one month from to-night—the night of that day—the anniversary of my father's disappearance! Oh, is it thus fated? But, Clavis, time flies. Listen to me yet further, and give careful heed to what I have to say. In the dead old days, Clavis, you admitted that your heart, for the time, at least, was touched with something like love for Dora Howe. I beg you not to interrupt me, Clavis, for time goes swiftly; I have other things to tell you, and then I must be gone. I know the old tale well, Clavis, and I will not recall it. But, as you know, Dora Howe has been spared to life. She is still fair to look upon, and her heart is as tender as of old. Marry her, Clavis; restore, by that means, her wandering reason; make her happy; lift those poor ones from their misery, and reform Delaney—my husband to be! Marry Dora, Clavis, and I will pray for you both, night and day. She has not forgotten you, for, time and over, has she breathed your name—ah, how tenderly!—when she knew not of what she was speaking."

Agnes paused; her face, though still pale, was tinged now with faint roses, for the warm blood was welling up grandly from her woman's heart.

Clavis Warne, with tear-bedimmed eye and quivering lip, answered not a word. His heart was too full, and he dared not trust his voice.

"Will you promise me, Clavis, that you will think of this—think of it well—and let the voice of *Duty* be heard?" and she gazed him straight in the face.

Clavis hesitated. The request contained in that question was to the point. That request, to heed it, was the severing-link between him and the cherished ideal of his heart—Agnes Arlington!

But her eyes were still bent, earnestly and beseechingly, upon him, and Clavis had to answer:

"I promise you, Agnes," he said, in a low, almost inaudible voice, "provided that hideous wall between you and myself be not removed ere it be too late!" and his eyes burned into hers.

Agnes Arlington's face lit up with a sudden glow, and for an instant a wild light flashed in her eyes; but, almost immediately, the glow passed away, the light faded out, and a cold shiver thrilled her frame.

"No! no! I dare not dream it!" she murmured, as if to herself. "The wall can not be removed—save by God's interposition! But, Clavis," and she rose to her feet, "the night is speeding away, and I will be missed from the mansion. I must go. Thank God that I have seen you, and heard your voice once more. But, Clavis, before I go, I must tell you something else. Be on your guard! My uncle and Delaney Howe are not friends to you! This morning I overheard them talking in the library, and have, on more occasions than one; and with your name were coupled dark threats! Oh! darling, be careful! My uncle, I know is a wicked man, for, Clavis, I have felt his power! Now, darling Clavis, pray for me, as I do for you; pray that, if we be not happy here, we may be hereafter! Think of what I have spoken to you—of poor Dora Howe—and, above all things, be watchful and wary! Clavis, good-by, and may God help you ever!"

She held her hand out. Warne took it, and in an impulsive moment he drew the maiden to his heart and imprinted one long, warm kiss upon her lips.

For a moment the poor girl half yielded to his yearning caress; but then, as if recollecting herself, she drew away like a frightened doe, and a crimson blush spread rapidly over her pale face.

In another instant she had torn herself away, and hurried out into the street.

Clavis Warne stood as one dumbfounded. Then, snatching his overcoat, he hurried to the door after her. But, Agnes had already disappeared in the darkness of the night.

With a sigh, the young man reëntered the office. He cast aside his overcoat and sank again in a chair by the desk. His eyes were wet with tears, and his strong frame shook with emotion.

But the paroxysm slowly passed off, and then Clavis Warne bowed his head upon his hands, and prayed silently to God for strength.

And a quiet came to his soul; and the calmness of resignation crept gently over him.

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE WASTE-LAND.

AGNES ARLINGTON had not gone ten yards from Clavis Warne's when a dim shape suddenly started up from the gloom, and a man stood before her. Instantly he had clutched her by the wrist.

"I have followed you, Agnes Arlington, and I have caught you!" he exclaimed in a hissing tone. "What were you doing in Clavis Warne's office? I saw you enter, and I saw you come out! Speak, girl!" and he clutched her wrist, until a groan of pain was wrung from her.

At first, Agnes was so startled and frightened that she could not speak. Her first impulse was to break away from him who had waylaid her, and to flee as for her life. But she gradually recovered herself, and, at one vigorous effort, shaking off the man's grasp, she said, in a low, determined voice:

"Unhand me, Delaney Howe! Unhand me, or I'll cry for help!"

Her voice was so dignified—so resolute, that Delaney Howe started back.

"This well becomes your character, Delaney Howe, and I'll not forget your gallantry! Good-night, sir," and she was about to move on.

But the young man, stung to the quick at the taunting words of the girl, suddenly stepped before her.

"Not so soon, my pretty one! You are my affianced wife—do not forget it!—and I will know what you were doing in the office of Clavis Warne! Why did you go there?" and he barred her way.

Agnes trembled in every limb; she saw that the man was fearfully in earnest, and she knew she was entirely alone and unprotected. And the night was dark and gloomy. She hesitated, and then answered:

"I do not forget my oath to you, Delaney, and I shall marry you at the appointed time, unless you yourself release me. But, my business with Mr. Warne had nothing to do with the relation existing between you and myself. I went on other business, which concerned him more than you or me."

Delaney did not answer for a time; but, at length, said:

"I'll take you at your word, Agnes; and now, I'll just see you home, for the plain is dark and a snow-storm is coming up. So, let's be off."

He spoke very decidedly. Agnes silently took his arm, and in a few moments they disappeared in the gloom of the deepening night.

Clavis Warne suddenly aroused himself. He had almost forgotten the parcel which had been flung into the entry. He lifted the lid of his desk and took out, first the letter, then the memorandum-book. As he carelessly lifted the latter, its leaves spread open, and a torn, jagged scrap of paper fluttered out, and fell at his feet.

The young man stooped and picked it up. As he did so, he glanced his eye over it. He started, as if struck with lightning; his cheek paled, and his eyes fairly burned into the paper before him.

When he had read the small script carefully through, he placed it, almost sacredly, upon his desk, and secured it with a heavy paper-weight. Then, taking up the letter, he read as follows:

"I see, sir, you have come at last—come at the mysterious bidding of one, who represents justice! Guard this scrap of paper and the memorandum-book as you would your life's blood! On examining both you will see why this request is made. He who writes this has watched over you, eagerly, since you have been here, and he sees that you can be trusted. Trust him too who writes this. Whatever news may reach you, keep quiet; do not show your power; do as I have done—abide your time! And that time is swiftly coming! Do not be surprised at a visit from one you may not know, but one whom, in times past, you have seen. Now, a word more. Seek the Shadow and follow it. There is a mystery in it! And this is the night, if the moon shines from behind the clouds! Be watchful and be strong, and right must come!"

Warne slowly laid down the letter, and pondered for several moments. Then he gathered up the book, the scrap and letter, and making a secure bundle of them, placed them in the desk, locked the lid down and put the key in his pocket.

A singular light was gleaming in his eyes—a strange glow of triumph hovered on his cheek, as he slowly rose to his feet and commenced to stride up and down the room with a firm, self-assured step.

Up and down the room he strode, and one hour passed. Then the young man muttered, in a low voice:

"It has come! I see through the mystery! but the end is not yet! And the Shadow! Yes, I'll follow the advice; and I'll trust him, even as he places confidence in me!"

As he spoke he went to the street door and looked out around him, and up at the sky. The clouds were breaking away and scattering, and the moonlight was coming down.

Re-entering his office, Clavis threw off the coat he was wearing, put on a thicker one; then, drawing on his overcoat, took his hat and gloves, extinguished the light, and hurried out.

He took his way swiftly on through the deserted streets of the sleeping town. No one was abroad. It was now eleven o'clock, and all lights were out.

In twenty minutes the young man was upon the wide, desolate common, with its spectral poplars and its shifting rifts of moonlight and gloom. Warne hurried on. He knew well the spot whereon he had once beheld the strange Thing. His heart beat wildly, do what he could to prevent it, as he approached the place.

On, on, he went. Then, as a sudden flash of moonlight glittered down, he started almost with affright, for there, not ten yards ahead of him, was the little hillock on which, on that terrible night of lightning and rain, the carriage had upset; and there—oh! horror! not ten yards further on, was the gigantic, motionless Shadow!

As if in the twinkling of an eye, the moon slid behind a cloud, and the black Shade was gone! Clavis, not to be thwarted, dashed forward, only to meet nothing! But, glancing to the westward, he saw dimly in the distance a flying figure, in ghastly white. Not daunted, he darted on after it, but the figure fled on the faster. The race was an exciting one. On, on, and yet the young man held his flying way.

Suddenly the White Thing disappeared, as if swallowed up in the earth, and, with a feeling of awe—something, indeed, akin to terror, Clavis, all at once, found himself in the lonely little cemetery, among the storm-stained grave-stones.

He glanced around; but the figure was nowhere in sight. And there, not a hundred steps away, the humble home of the widow Howe reared its dim outlines in the gloom.

He sat down upon an old slab, and looked around him at the dismal, dreary scene. He could scarcely realize his position.

Then, suddenly, a pale light flashed from the window of the lonely house, and the rays glittered into Clavis Warne's eyes. A strange feeling grew apace over the young man, as he continued to gaze at the light. Fifteen minutes passed—then a half-hour.

"Destiny! destiny!" suddenly muttered the young lawyer. "I can not resist it! I follow!"

So saying, he rose to his feet, hurried out of the gloomy precincts of the cemetery, then pushed on, and in a few moments he rapped lightly on the door of the little house.

(To be Continued.)

Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a corner in our paper to original ballads, and will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of that class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for this species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

OLD TOWN HILL GHOST.

The Old Town Hill, for several nights,
Was scene of phantom revels,
And ghostly sounds and ghostly lights
Told presence of saints or devils.

And wide the story flew around,
And people heard and wondered;
At night to the enchanted ground
They gathered by the hundred.

They left their household fires behind,
Forgot their slumbers needful,
All other hopes and joys resigned
But Old Town Hill, grown deaf!

Disdained the pleading of their wives,
Who begged them not to go there—
"For we," they said, "upon our lives
Are bound to see the show there."

And ere the midnight clock struck twelve,
Or could if one had been there,
The hill some straight began to delve
For treasure buried in there.

But ah, the fated chest would hold
Its own good space beneath them,
And stifling air, 'tis said, uprolled,
And woe to those who'd breathe them.

And there was watching all around,
Expectant of the demon,
Who took its chance to slip its bound,
And travel down and see men.

The beautifully brave were there,
Who swore if they would see it,
No fright could ever raise their hair,
No power could make them flee it.

The beautifully drunk were there,
(Oh, Dr. Studabaker)
They swore a cent they didn't care,
Each dancing like a shaker.

And some, more brave than all the rest,
Did swear they could see through it,
And let it come from east or west,
They'd travel straight up to it.

But hush! the noises, ere time loud,
Grow still, no word is spoken—
Death silence settles on the crowd,
They see the fearful token.

A glimmering light far in the swamp
Mysteriously arises;
The horror of that demon lamp,
Each soul affrights, surprises—

And, "Is it ghost, or goblin damned?"
Becomes the whispered question;
And hearts swell high with wonder crammed,
That threaten their digestion.

Oh, snadows of departed souls!
Behold! it draweth nearer,
And, as each trembling minute rolls,
It grows—they see it clearer—

A lion's head with glaring eyes,
A sight to start creation;
As yet there is no foot that flies,
But there is some sensation.

And as they see it climb the hill,
They see the thing it's bent on,
And the once firm, unflinching will
They find they can't depend on;

And heels reverse in order due,
And flying feet make fast time—
"Legs, do your duty, do, now do,
For it may be the last time."

See, every sole kicks its own dust,
The brave forget their bragging—
And each one sticks unto his post,
Which is post-haste—unflinching.

Still on the ruthless demon comes
With foul perdition tainting,
And while some fall a-running, some,
Much weaker, fall a-fainting.

Oh courage in the battle line,
Thou hold'st thine own right truly,
But in the line of ghost condign
Thy own good power will fool thee.

Thou'rt good when something known assails
But when ghost's give confrontal,
Thy throne is made on straight coat-tails,
Whose range is horizontal.

And when the dust is wafted by,
There's none left to run thence as
All trembling vete-runs softly lie
Behind their dear de-fences.

Old Hill, how great would be the fame
That long on thee should linger,
And brighten in the tuncful claim
Of some yet unborn singer,

Had not the sweet romance passed o'er,
(Oh mercy, what a pity!)
And ghost had been a little more
Than man and spermaceti.

Of course, my friend, we weren't there,
Ah, no indeed we were not,
The contrary no one shall swear,
Ah, no indeed they dare not.

If we were there we didn't run,
Ah, no, we didn't give way so;
If we did run it wasn't done
Through fright. Ah, none can say so.

In fact, you can not find a man
(Indeed you can not doubt it)
Who came, saw, conquered—rather ran—
But we knew all about it.

Oh, humbug! thou art living yet—
All later years have shown it—
But even if we got bit a bit,
We're not the fools to own it.

HENRY MORRIS.

Saturday Talk.

Rocky Mountain Scenery.—A correspondent who is with the constructing division of the Pacific Railroad speaks of the giant elevations they pass over, which awake an indefinable awe in the mind. He says: "Still up, up; the trees grow smaller; cedars, tamaracs and firs take the place of the noble pines, and we no longer see the red earth of the gold belt below. Gray granite rocks are growing thicker and the small mountain peaks on either side of the road begin to show bald heads. We are in the heart of the Sierra—a barren, dreary, desolate country. We then reach Cisco, a town of shanties, and find ourselves five thousand six hundred feet above the sea, and still ascending. The pines have almost entirely disappeared, and we pass through many long cuts blasted through the solid granite spurs of the mountains. We pass through continuous snow-fields and immense drifts, through which the road has been cut with shovels for the passing of the trains. A few hours since we were among the flowers, ripe fruit and singing birds of the valley, sweating under the summer sun; now we are in the midst of dazzling snow-fields, and the atmosphere and aspects of the scene are such as we might find in the mountains of New England on any fine winter's day. The streams which come down the sides of every precipice and dash in foamy torrents down every canon, are cold as ice from the melting snows. One hundred and two miles from Sacramento we reach Summit Valley, and stand six thousand eight hundred feet above the sea. Lift Mount Tamaulipas bodily from its base and place it on the summit of Mount Diablo and we could still look down by hundreds of feet on the double mountain height. The snow-banks rise high above the road on either side. Two miles more and the cars reach the entrance of the great tunnel, one thousand six hundred and fifty-nine feet in length."

Executions among the Jews.—The Hebrews had no executioner. When a man was guilty of homicide, the execution devolved on the next of kin, by the right of blood revenge; in other cases criminals were stoned by the people, the witnesses setting the example; and when the king or chief ordered a person to be put to death, the office was performed by the person to whom the command was given; and this was generally a person whose consideration in life bore some proportion to that of the person slain. Thus Solomon gave the commission to kill Joab, the commander-in-chief, to Benai-hai, a person of so much distinction as to be himself immediately promoted to the command which the death of Joab left vacant. In fact the office of a regular executioner is not by any means dishonorable in the East. The post of chief executioner is in most oriental courts one of honor and distinction. Thus, when there was no regular executioner, it came to be considered a post of honor to put a distinguished person to death; and on the other hand, the death itself was honorable in proportion to the rank of the person by whom the blow was inflicted. It was the greatest dishonor to perish by the hands of a woman or a slave. We see this feeling distinctly in the narrative where the two princes much prefer to die by Gideon's own hand than that of a youth who had obtained no personal distinction. As to the hero commissioning his son to perform this office, it was partly to honor him with the distinction of having slain two chief enemies of Israel, as well as because the rules of those who had slain his own brethren should either be performed by himself or by a member of his own family. It seems very probable from all that transpired, that Oreb and Zeeb had slain the brethren of Gideon after they had taken them captive, in the same way that they were themselves slain.

Orange Blossoms.—The custom of wearing orange blossoms in the hair by a bride upon her wedding day, is, in France, a matter of much pride and importance, inasmuch as it is a testimonial of purity, not only of the bride herself, but of integrity and morality in the characters of her relatives. In the province of Franche Comte its adornment is considered a sacred right, obtained by undoubted character, and as such proudly maintained. Should any act of imprudence in early life, implying even a suspicion of taint upon the chastity of the maiden, be known, the use of the orange blossoms is forbidden; indeed, should the female attempt to wear it on the occasion of her marriage, she would be encountered at the church door by the village lads, violently seized, and the emblem of purity degradingly torn from her hair; nor would the ceremony be suffered to proceed until all trace of the flower thus profaned had disappeared from her person. In almost every village or small town in France the bride entitled to wear the crown of orange blossoms has this beautiful certificate of her purity either framed or placed under a glass shade; and it is religiously preserved, if possible, even through generations, as an indisputable testimonial of undoubted character. The mother of a natural child never dares assume, not only the orange-blossom crown, but even the white dress and veil, upon her wedding-day, these habiliments being considered to belong only to the pure. Should such an attempt be made, the most bitter ridicule, the most unmerciful sarcasm, would accompany her and her unfortunate husband to the altar.

The Use of Lemons.—When persons are feverish and thirsty beyond what is natural, indicated in some cases by a metallic taste in the mouth, especially after drinking water, or by a whitish appearance of the greatest part of the tongue, one of the best "coolers," internal or external, is to take a lemon, cut off the top, sprinkle over it some loaf-sugar, working it down into the lemon with a spoon, and then suck it slowly, squeezing the lemon and adding more sugar as the acidity increases from being brought up from a lower point. Invalids with feverishness may take two or three lemons a day in this manner, with the most marked benefit, manifested by a sense of coolness, comfort and invigoration. A lemon or two thus taken at tea-time, as an entire substitute for the ordinary supper of summer, would give many a one a comfortable night's sleep and an awakening of rest and invigoration, with an appetite for breakfast, to which they are strangers who will have their cup of tea and hearty supper.

A Rash Promise.—A paper tells the following story of a young lady who is a pupil at one of the schools in this city, and who has already, it seems, beaten her father at mathematics. She modestly proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on one day, and double the amount on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent of money as long as she lived. Father-familias, not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and supposing the offer at once, thinking it also a favorable opportunity to include a possible marriage dowry in the future. At the twenty-fifth day he became greatly alarmed, lest if he complied with his own acceptance he might be obliged to be "declared a bankrupt on his own petition." But at the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty sum of five million, three hundred and sixty-eight thousand, seven hundred and nine dollars and twelve cents! The astonished merchant was only too happy to cancel

the claim by advancing a handsome cash payment for his folly in allowing himself to give a bond—for his word he considered as good as his bond—without noticing the consideration therein expressed, and by promising to return to the old custom of advancing smaller sums daily until otherwise ordered. Our arithmetic reporter has been "figuring on it," and says that if the old gentleman had fulfilled his promise, his gushing daughter would have had, upon the receipt of the thirtieth payment, the snug little sum of ten million seven hundred and thirty-seven thousand four hundred and eighteen dollars and twenty-three cents.

All about Dimples.—Dimples are the perpetual smiles of nature, the very cunningest device, and the lurking place of love. When earth is dimpled by hills and valleys it always seems to laugh; when the ocean is dimpled by the breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We can not look for frowns on a dimpled face; frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful, are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet, of the rosy baby. Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perfectly enchanting dimples, at least to the eyes of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks around the mouth of "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays some arch, provoking sally, peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewitching coquetry.

Tobacco.—Dr. Willard Parker says that those who are much addicted to the use of tobacco, or who work in the manufacture of snuff or tobacco, or cigars, never recover soon or healthily from injury or fever. The Emperor Napoleon had his attention called in 1862 to the effect of tobacco on the mind, by a report which showed that the cases of paralysis and insanity had increased quite regularly with the increase of the revenue from the tobacco tax. This led him to order an examination of the effect of tobacco on the students in schools and colleges. It was found that those who did not use tobacco were stronger, better scholars, and had a higher moral record, than those who used it. The result was that an edict was issued forbidding its use in the national institutions.

Agricultural Bonnets.—The advent of bonnets of wheat and barley-straw, ornamented with sheaves of grain, which made their appearance in the streets of London in 1817, seems to have been met with a crusade of ridicule as great as that which has since greeted the more modern "Grecian Bend." The following stanzas, written at that time, will show the kind of ordeal they had to pass through before their ultimate triumph:

"Who now of threatening famine dare complain,
When every female forehead teems with grain?
See how the wheat-sheaves nod amid the plumes,
Our barns are now transferred to drawing-rooms;
And husbands, who indulge in active lives,
To fill their granaries, may thresh their wives."

The Philosophy of Ill-health.—Sickness is very largely the want of will. Every thing is brain. There is thought and feeling, not only, but will; and will includes in it far more than mental philosophers think. It acts universally, now as upon mind, and then just as much upon the body. It is another name for life-force. Men in whom this life or will-power is great, resist disease, and combat it when attacked. To array a man's mind and will against his sickness is the supreme art of medicine. Inspire in men courage and purpose, and the mind-power will cast out disease. "Nothing ails her. It is only her imagination," said the nurse to him one day. "Only" the imagination? That is enough. Better suffer in bone and muscle than in the imagination. If the body is sick, the physician can cure it; but if the mind itself is sick, what can cure that?

Fact and Fancy.

The Siamese twins are at Berlin.

Eugenie often smokes ten cigarettes a day.

When you leave a church after a wedding ceremony, you may be said to be going out with the tide.

A horse attached to a Minnesota stage-coach, while trotting at the usual pace, threw off one of its hoofs and bled to death in a few minutes.

The Canadian exodus has already commenced this spring. About five car-loads pass through St. Albans, Vt., daily, for the south and east.

At one wharf in Portsmouth, a million pounds of codfish have been landed this season. Ten large vessels, with forty dories and a hundred men, are constantly employed.

Bostonians suggest a grand tea-party on the centennial anniversary of the day on which the tea was thrown overboard, to which all native-born Bostonians shall be invited.

A Milesian, born on the last day of the year, felicitates himself on his narrow escape from not being born at all. "Be jagers," said he, "and if it had been the next day, what would have become of me?"

There are in America and Europe more than two hundred and fifty manufacturing of rubber articles, employing some five hundred operatives each, and consuming more than twenty million pounds of gum per year.

The Princess of Wales was cheered as she entered the opera-box at the Globe Theater, the audience rising. The Prince immediately followed, when the audience with one accord sat down and preserved a studied silence.

Cincinnati has a woman in destitute circumstances who sent back a pair of shoes she had received from the Relief Union, with a note saying she would like a finer pair with high tops, since her daughter wore short dresses.

A few days since a dun called on a young gentleman and presented him a bill, when he was somewhat taken aback by the gentleman taking him aside, and blandly saying, "My dear sir, call next Thursday, and I'll tell you when to call again."

The historic pine tree on Isle aux Poix, known as the "English Lookout," from having been used for a post of observation by the English after their retreat from New Orleans, was cut down the other day by the railroad contractors and sold to a saw mill.

At a barbers' festival recently held in Scotland, the chairman said the first shaving implements ever in use were stone scissors, and the way they were put in operation was by laying the beard on a stone, and striking it sharply with another stone until reduced to the requisite shape.

Grace Greenwood lately inspected an Indian shirt of buckskin, taken from its owner who was killed recently on the plains, which was decorated with a long fringe formed of the hair of white women and children.

Cruiser Crusoe: OR, LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER EIGHT.

THE day was nearly spent when I reached the old camp the savages had occupied. Not a sign remained of their huts, nor could their presence have been suspected but for the traces of their fire.

Wading across the creek, which separated this part of the beach from the more tropical island, I found myself amidst the intricacies of a deep thicket. As night was coming on, I resolved to make my camp here for the time. Accordingly, I built me a rude hut of boughs and leaves and threw myself down.

I felt strangely uneasy. Night in those tropical latitudes has a peculiar sadness for the isolated wanderer. When the azure of the sky and golden glow of sunshine cover those immense solitudes with resplendent light, all is graceful, lovely and enchanting; but when the first stars begin to twinkle, a mysterious influence glides, with the darkness, over forest, valley and ravine. The long vistas of the woods seem like corridors of the infernal regions, the trees take strange shapes, their spreading boughs resembling the outstretched arms of phantoms.

As I harkened to the thousand and one strange noises in the gloom around me, I could readily conceive why the untutored savages should worship the sun, which can so beautifully transform the scene into one of brightness and joy.

At length I slept.

In the morning I rose, washed myself in the river, and having partaken sparingly of my provisions, I proceeded to descend its banks.

All around me was a perfect cloud of green verdure, birds of variegated plumage sung in my ears, and the waters of the river sparkled as if sown with diamonds. Among the shrubs near the bank, I frequently beheld the beautiful humming-bird, each rapid movement giving a different dye, but in general like scales of burnished gold; there was also the slender-billed sugar-eater, the creeper, with its brown-black wings, a bird that sings like a nightingale; the bee-eater, the horn-bill, the shining cuckoo, the honey-guiders, with their *cher, cher*, and many others.

Suddenly I came upon two rocks, which rose before me as if to stop all progress, though next moment I became aware that an opening, very narrow, and partially shaded by overhanging trees, led into an extensive valley.

But such a valley! From one end to the other—from side to side, there was not the most wretched sign of wild vegetation or verdure.

I entered this valley, making my way through it, however, as fast as possible, to the pleasant scene beyond, where rich foliage would shelter me from the burning rays of the sun. There was not a breath of air, though above, the tall summits of palms and other trees waved gently in the breeze. I had nearly passed through the valley, when suddenly turning a rock, I stood in surprise and terror on seeing, about ten yards

distant, a huge elephant, feeding upon the green branches of trees that bent down from several rocks. It was in an opening in the forest, but so overgrown by creepers and trees as to be quite dark. I would have turned and fled, but the elephant had seen me.

He came toward me, but without any evidence of haste or rage. The vast brute was in a good-humor, and not at all afraid of so insignificant-looking a being as myself. After watching me some time with its small eyes, it slowly bent its tremendous limbs and lay down.

As it was the first elephant I had ever seen, I gazed at it with awe, not unmixed with admiration, recalling to mind all I had ever read of the animal.

These stupendous creatures live in troops or herds, in a state of inoffensive quiet, unless when attacked by other animals, or their powerful and more relentless enemy—man. They delight in the boundless forest, and in the vicinity of water, where a more gorgeous and efficient shade is afforded, and they can enjoy the luxury of a cold bath, and wallow, covered at once from the influence of the sun and the torment of insects. Here the herd, led by some monstrous male, long standing in years, spend the forenoon heat; at evening or morning returning to the outskirts or open glades, to feed on the tender foliage, which they can reach and are able to pluck from a great height, by means of their trunks. The one before me was unwieldy in appearance, but I knew that, in speed, it could outstrip a horse. It was of a brownish-gray color, mottled with flesh-color. Its tusks were of enormous size, while its trunk was very long.

The animal, still watching me, gave vent to a sort of friendly grunt, which slightly reassured me; for I had been afraid that I would not be able to get away from it—that it would make after me if I retreated.

Suddenly, I saw a change in its demeanor. Its huge ears were raised on end, its eyes gave

forth uneasy glances, while a sullen roar emanated from its throat. I retreated before this warlike demonstration.

It was time, for just as I reached the shelter of a huge block of stone, and crouched beside it, the animal rose to its feet. As it did so, I heard a fearful series of yells, while, at the same time, the elephant was so riddled with spears and javelins as to resemble a huge porcupine.

I now understood the visit of the savages. They had come to my island in search of ivory.

The elephant would, probably, not have suffered severely from the weapons hurled into his thick hide but for their being poisoned. As it was, he made one rush toward his enemies, who kept concealed behind trees, and then fell expiring.

The savages, uttering cries of exultation, as they removed spears and arrows from the body of the animal, moved away through the forest, not even casting a glance in my direction.

Without reflecting on the danger I might incur, I hurried after them.

Finally, I saw them halt upon a grassy plain, where they had erected a few huts. The prisoners, or slaves, among them were engaged in packing several parcels of ivory, which they had already succeeded in obtaining, during their stay on the island. There were also balls of skins, and other products of the chase. The warriors and their wives were all now congregated in waiting for the meal, for which the hunt had given them an appetite. The captives were half-concealed from the savages by one or two tufted bushes, and I could remark from my position their melancholy and sad state of being. They were a much more comely race than those who had succeeded in conquering them.

Having watched them awhile, I retreated cautiously, shouldering my gun, and resolved to return home instead of continuing my wanderings.

I may truly say that for a few days my mind was not fit for any consecutive work. Hoping,

Then, in the distance, I saw a sight which filled me with indignation and terror. A whole army of apes, guided, doubtless, by some marauder whom I had surprised the day before, came in view. They were marching directly for my plantation. An aged monkey at their head, resembled the General of those hordes of savages who, so many years ago, pounced upon civilized Europe to kill and destroy. By means of my telescope, I could make out that the leader was tall and strong, while, though bowed by age, he was ferocious and thoughtful. He seemed to know the country well, advancing without hesitation in his march.

The true and natural abode of the monkey is among those trackless forests, which so richly clothe the country under the tropics, and which alike supply them with food and protect them from the scorching heat. The more timorous attract the attention of the observer by their endeavors at concealment, while the protrusion of numerous little heads with bright and searching eyes, from behind the thick boughs and foliage, show that curiosity almost overbalances fear.

Others force attention by showers of fruits, flowers, nuts, and rotten branches. Others remaining in complete inactivity during daylight, make the forest at night resound with their yells and howling. Nothing can sound more dreadful than these noises.

You might fancy that half the wild beasts of the forest were collecting for the work of carnage. Now it is the tremendous roar of the jaguar, as he springs on his prey; now it changes to the terrible, deep-toned growlings of the fierce animal, as he is on all sides pressed by a superior force; and now you hear his last dying moan, beneath a mortal wound.

The monkeys approaching, followed their venerable guide in groups of families, the mothers holding their very young ones at the breast, while they led the elder cubs by the hand; the fathers, armed with sticks, seemed

Taps from Beat Time.

DOMESTIC.

ONE year ago to-day my wife, which is Mrs. Time, promised me as I stood trembling at the altar to love, serve and obey me, and do my washing. I say I stood trembling, that is, I trembled at the responsibility—the responsibility of seeing that she fulfilled her promise. Notwithstanding our neighbors have often said that my wife makes me to understand, I am far from understanding her. In fact there has been a great many misunderstandings between us. She is a woman in the loudest sense of the term, and possesses a vast amount of the spirit of '76, while I am one of the meekest of mankind. Thus far she has saved me whatever little trouble I would have in spending my own money. I always wear such clothes as she provides, and of course they are entirely out of fashion. I kick against this sometimes—and her, too, for I am a very meek man.

The other morning I asked her to get up and make a fire, but do you think she would do it? No, indeed, although it was the coldest morning we have had this winter, she wouldn't do it. I kicked her out of bed—the ungrateful woman—because I am a very meek man.

The other day I accidentally kicked the breakfast table over—because I missed her; she pitched into me strong. It is needless for me to say that when she fusses with me she generally gets her hands full—of my hair. Well, in this case I got very mad and told her I would go straight to Indiana and get a divorce, but she told me she would start before me for the same State for the same purpose. We agreed to agree—for I am a very meek man. Our arrangement ran smooth for a few days, but we soon got things into shape again, and began putting our affairs up into very nice little family jars. For I am the very meekest of mankind and can't stand everything. She has lately got to reading the *Revolution*, which has set her head revolving on the woman's rights question, which agitates, etc., and has come to consider herself number one, and me the same, with the two last letters left off.

The other day I felt my bosom warm toward her with the contents of the tea-kettle, and have slept in the stable ever since. Now I'd like to know why it is that a man can't have entire control over his wife and other property? Why is redress always indissolubly connected with a silk dress—and that new.

What right have I about my own house? What am I? Who am I? Indeed, I can hardly tell which is who. I only know I am a very meek man.

QUICK TAPS.

If you are a lady, and I take you to be, and are invited to perform at a party, wait until each person in the house has asked you three times; it won't do to be in a hurry about this. Then go to the piano modestly, if you can—of course asking pardon of that smiling gentleman's toes you trod on, and take your seat. You are expected to say you have forgotten all the pieces you knew. You will say this just before you begin. Blush slightly, if you can, and prelude with animation by thumping thunder out of all the lower

notes, as if you wished to bring the house down, which you certainly might; then gallop up the gamut like an iron-shod hurricane, and close by knocking two or three little notes higher than a kite. There is a great deal in beginning to commence, then go on with any thing you please. If conversation grows loud around you, don't worry about it, for they won't detect any of your mistakes. If they remark you played it out well, make as much of a compliment out of it as you can. After this you will be expected to sing; of course you won't know any thing to sing—have a bad cold, etc., but you will vocalize a little anyhow. Be sure you have the right accompaniment. Sing very low, they will then have to stop talking to hear you. Somebody will say it is very beautiful; this is expected. Sing the next song louder, but don't allow your voice to rise high enough so as to get beyond your reach.

If a young gentleman inadvertently asks you to commence at the last verse of the dozeenth song and sing the balance, it will be because he hadn't good rear-age.

If they express satisfaction at the ending of a song, saying it was the finest part, bow gracefully if you can. Be sure and make them as anxious to have you stop as they were to have you begin. You then will have rest the rest of the evening. If you don't, set me down as not having truth enough to stock a small auction-store.

He who undertakes to overtake a slander, will fail. You can no more run it down than you can wind it up, and I'll bet you two dollars and a half to a copper hole in a cent.

Young man, if you use tobacco and religion in church, by all that's musical, don't spit in the hymn-book.

Don't poke jokes at a woman's bonnet; it is the last straw that breaks the camel's back on her head.

BEAT TIME.

